

MAY

VOL. 8 — NO. 3

TARGET COMICS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

10¢

TARGET





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

TARGET HITS AND MISSES

Editors' Page

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

Note Grace Pevanzi's question in the third column of this page. "But why not," Grace asks, "have a special girl, or girls, for Kit Carter and Dan...?" Grace is only one of many readers who want to see a slick chick, or chicks, scratching up the gravel on the Dauntton campus.

It's quite a problem — one that makes us scratch our heads. Those of you who are familiar with military schools know how much time is allotted for dates, hops, and the like. Can we say a cadet is lucky if he has twelve dates during the school year? We think that's a pretty good record for any kind of boarding school.

Where does that leave us? In TARGET we have twelve dates per year with Kit, Dan and Dauntton. Suppose Kit knocked at Colonel Tilghman's door each month and told the good old Colonel he couldn't play baseball or chase a crook because the one-and-only was waiting for him in the reception room? Colonel Tilghman would probably give out with the loudest "harrumph!" you ever heard. We think most of the readers would, too.

But there are solutions for sugar and sweetheart shortages. Kit and Dan aren't always on the campus; like other students they have winter, spring and summer vacations. We'll bet they won't waste all that precious time in search of adventure!

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I don't know if you will remember me or not. It has been three years since you published my letter. I was Helen Giordano then, but have since married.

All my life I've been crippled, and for a long time I was a lonely girl. I knew very few boys.

After my letter was published I got letters from all over the world, during that awful war. I didn't dream I'd marry a pen pal. I was never so happy in my life when it came true, thanks to you...

Your TARGET fan,
Mrs. Helen Keenan
Cleveland, Ohio

The Editors are happy too, Mrs. Keenan, to receive this good news. We wish that space would permit our publishing your comments about current issues of TARGET COMICS.

* * *

Dear Editors:

At first Mother and Dad didn't want me to read comic magazines but now they admit that my reading your magazine over and over, both to myself and to my little sister, has helped me get A in reading and spelling each time I get my grade card. I don't think that I am too young anyway, as I was ten years old on October 25, 1946.

Ann Morton
Xenia, Ohio

There's nothing like an early start in getting those A's, Ann.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Believe it or not but I am thirteen today and I haven't missed a TARGET COMIC in 1945-1946 yet. I am proud of my record because I like TARGET COMICS.

But why not have a special girl, or girls, for Kit Carter and Dan in "The Cadet"?

I also like the "Targetoons"; they are funny. I don't think any of the stories should be changed. Keep up your good work.

Thank you,
Grace Pevanzi
Portland, Oregon

Thank you, Grace. Guess we'll have to put a little more time for girls in the Dauntton training schedule.

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading Volume 7, Number 10, of TARGET. What a grand comic book! It has everything, including the most original plots ever. Only in free America could such a wonderful comic book exist. How about making TARGET COMICS a weekly magazine?

May TARGET COMICS enjoy a long and prosperous life.

Jerry Chester Brown
Fort Worth, Texas

Many factors prevent us from running TARGET more than once a month, Jerry. Thanks for your good wishes.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Since I like sports, I enjoy the adventures of Kit Carter very much. "Gary Stark" is also a top-notch story. I hope it continues to be good.

I have not missed an issue of TARGET this year. The Editor's Page and the Q's and A's interest me a great deal. The "Targetoons" are also very good.

And that comic, HUMDINGER, certainly deserves its name.

Sincerely yours,
Robert Nuelle
St. Louis, Mo.

Glad you like both TARGET and HUMDINGER, Robert.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I would like to compliment you on your eye-catching covers, which enable me to find TARGET, my favorite comic, in a short time.

I disagree with Leslie Brown and join Joseph Wargo, in the December issue, in saying that "The Target and the Targeteers" and "The Chameleon" should be kept in. I find them interesting, and I'm sure other readers do too.

In closing, I would like to say that I enjoy "Heathcliff the Hobo" and would appreciate seeing more of it.

Yours truly,
Emil Durik
Duquesne, Pa.

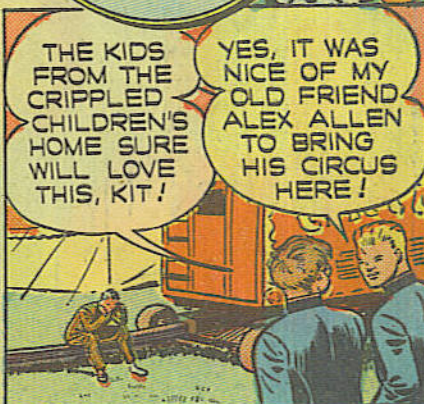
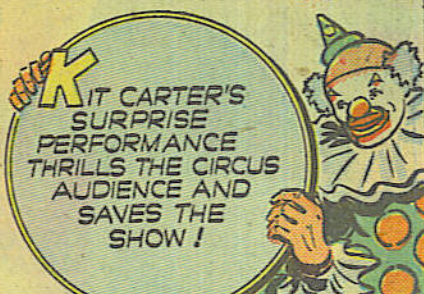
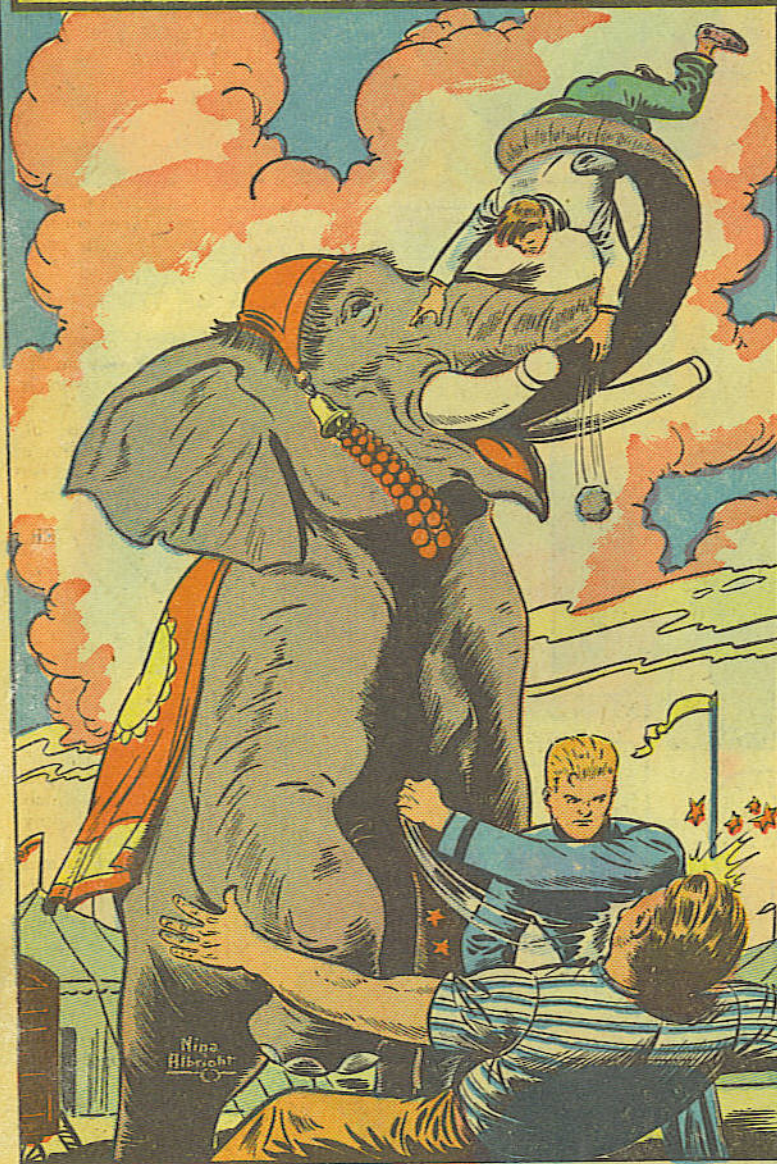
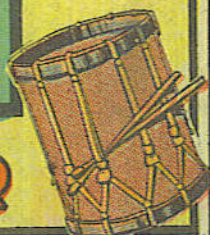
"The Target and the Targeteers" and "The Chameleon" are still slated to appear in future issues, Emil. We run "Heathcliff the Hobo" as often as we can fit it in.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

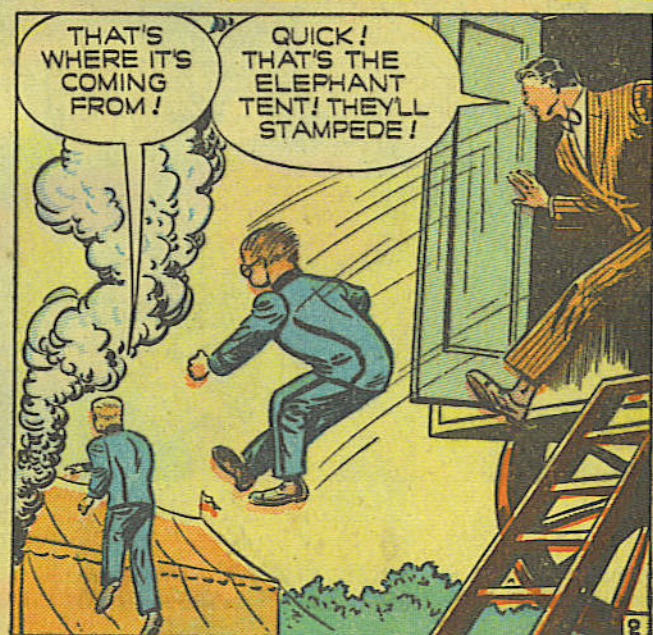
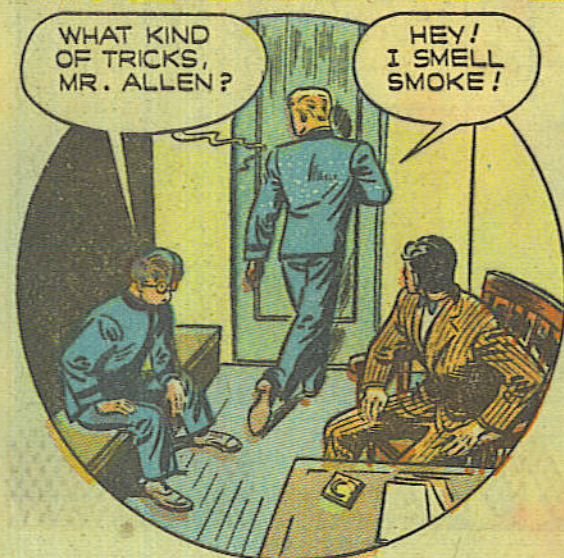
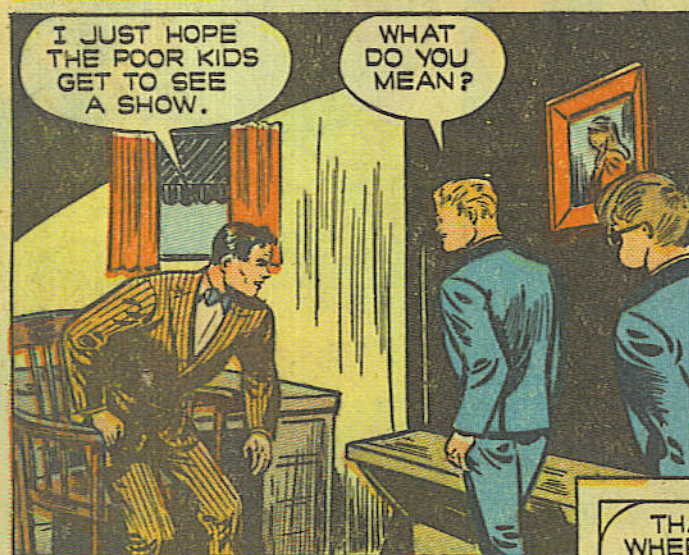
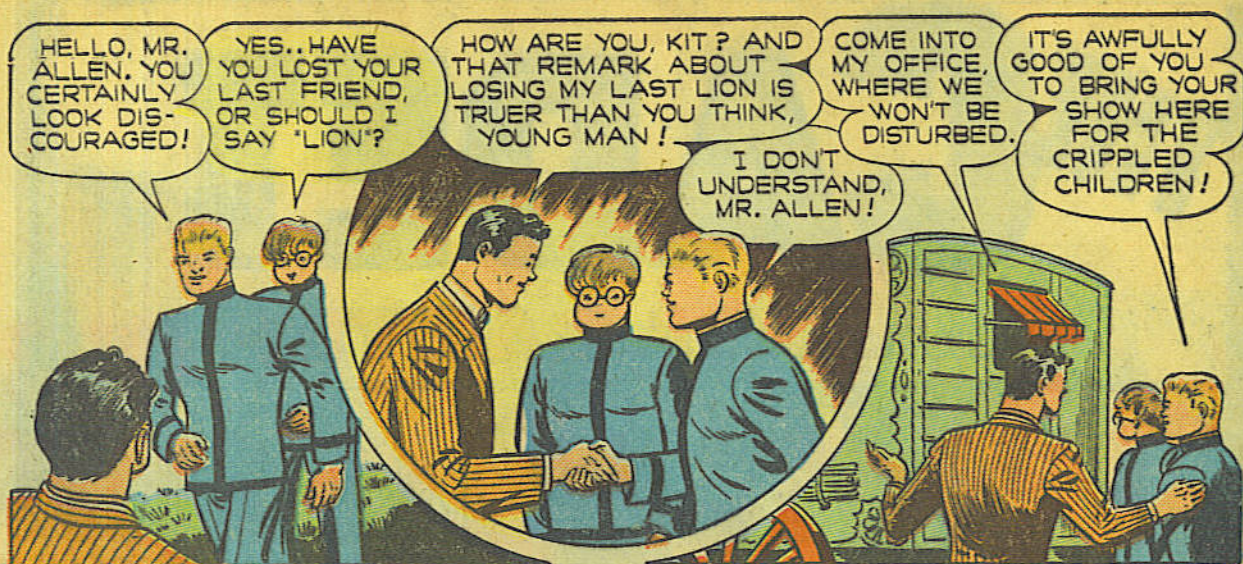
THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor
Mel Cummin, Art Director; Jesse C. Rogers, Jr., Associate Editor
Jean Gibson Brundage, Editorial Assistant; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

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Q UESTION No. 1. Would you associate the name "Dawson" with gold, silver or copper?

JUST BEFORE SHOW TIME...

GOSH, KIT, DO YOU THINK THE DAWSON GANG WILL TRY ANY TRICKS TODAY?

I'M AFRAID THEY WILL, DAN. THEY'RE BAD PEOPLE.

OKAY, KIT! YOU'RE ON FIRST!



WHEN I PULL THIS WIRE, THAT DOOR WILL OPEN, AND OUT GOES LEO!

AND OUT GOES KIT CARTER, TOO!



MEANWHILE, THE DAWSONS TIE UP THE LION TRAINER..

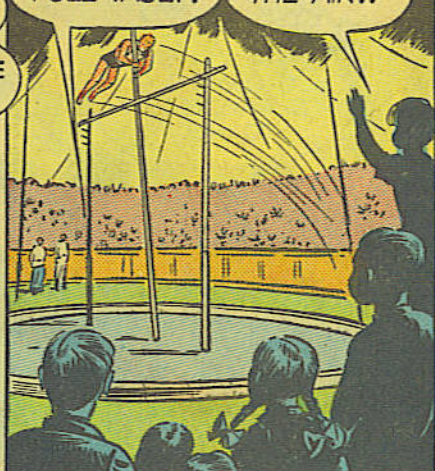
QUIT STRUGGLING, YOU! WE HAVE WORK TO DO!

WITH THIS GUY OUT OF THE WAY, NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO HANDLE THAT LION. WE'LL FIX THAT BOY HERO!



OH, BOY, LOOK AT HIM POLE VAULT!

"HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR!"



HEY! LOOK! THOSE MEN ARE LETTING OUT ROARING LEO!

LOOK OUT, KIT... HE'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

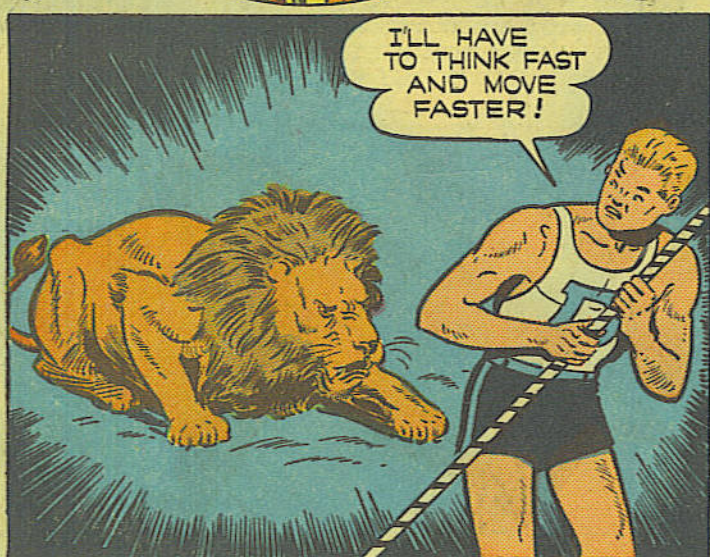
THE LION IS LOOSE!



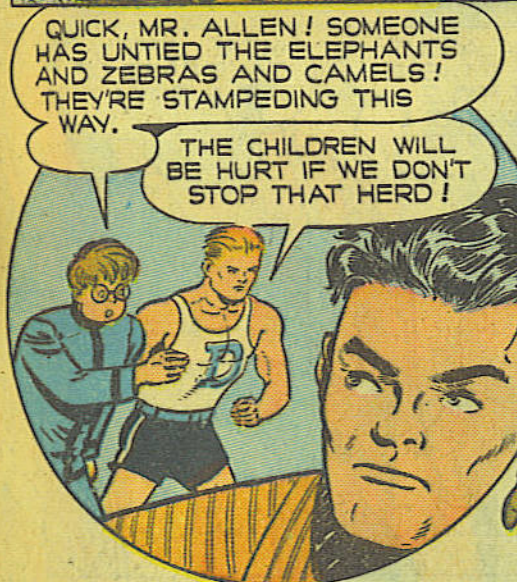
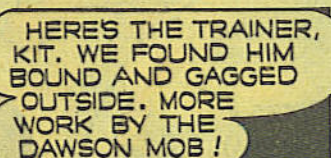
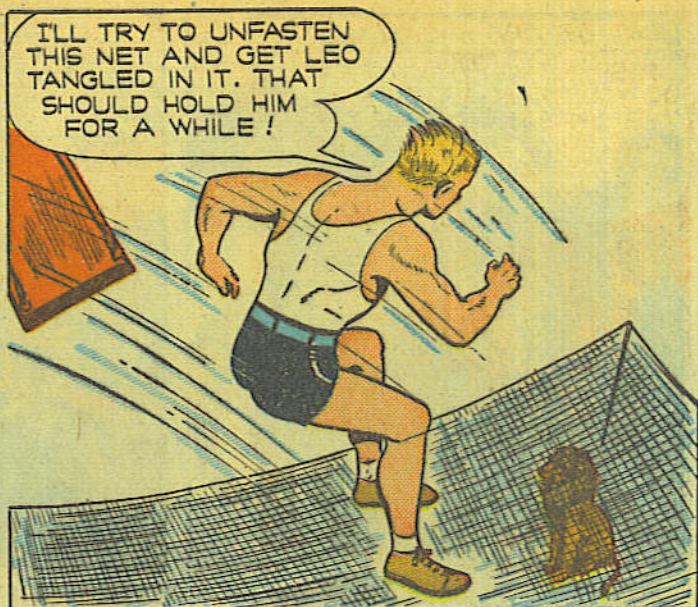
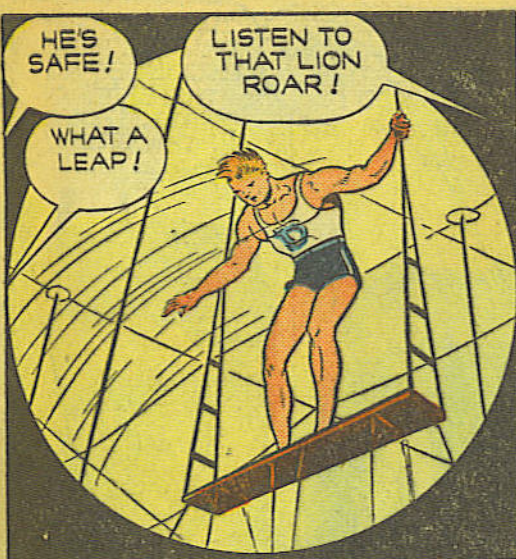
IF I MAKE THIS, I'LL BE LUCKY! IF I DON'T, I'LL BE LEO'S LUNCH! ALLEZ-OOP!



I'LL HAVE TO THINK FAST AND MOVE FASTER!



QUESTION No. 2. What New York City university uses the lion as a symbol?





THEY'RE
SLOWING
DOWN!

HI! JUMBO!
HI-YI, JUMBO!



GOOD OLD
JUMBO. I KNEW
YOU COULD
STOP THEM.

I SUPPOSE
THE DAWSONS
DID THIS
TOO!

I'M SURE THEY
DID. THE FIENDS!
ENDANGERING
THE LIVES OF
ALL THOSE
CHILDREN!



THERE THEY
GO! THEY'RE
ESCAPING!

WE'LL NEVER
CATCH THEM!



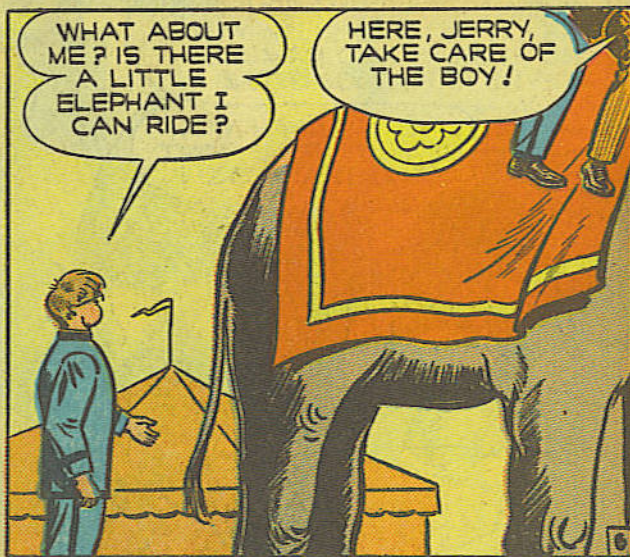
WE CAN TRY!
UP, JUMBO! COME
UP HERE WITH
ME, KIT.

IT'S A
LONG WAY
UP, BUT HERE
I COME!



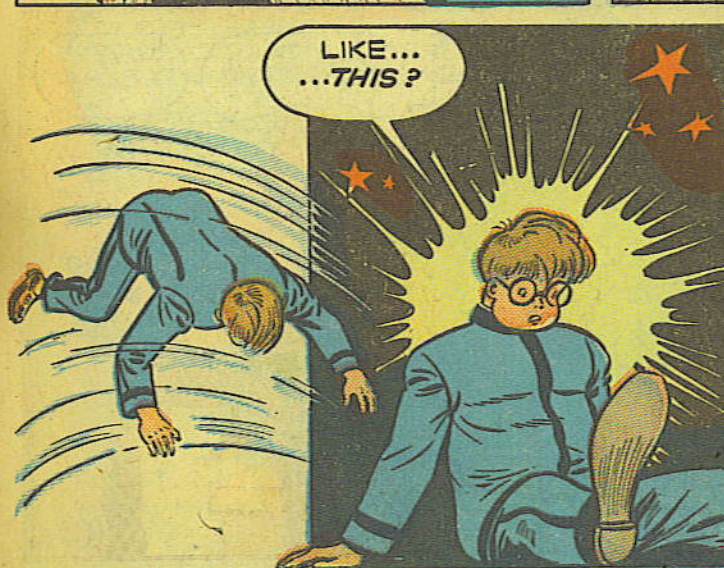
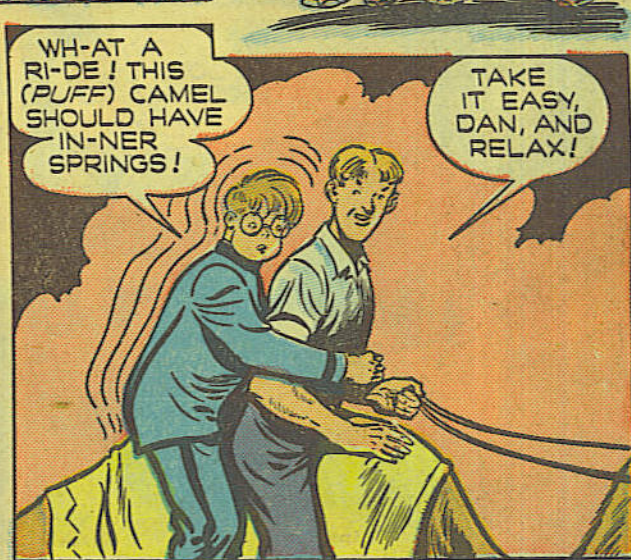
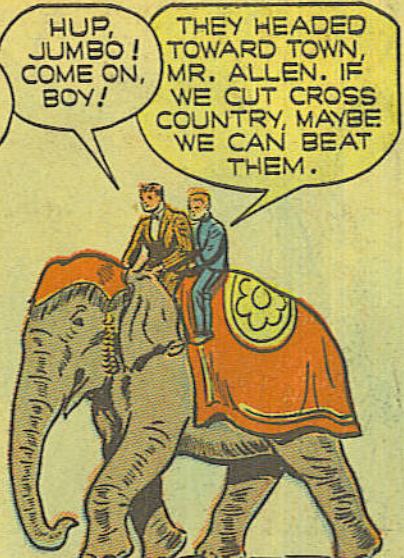
IT'S A
LONG WAY
DOWN, TOO!

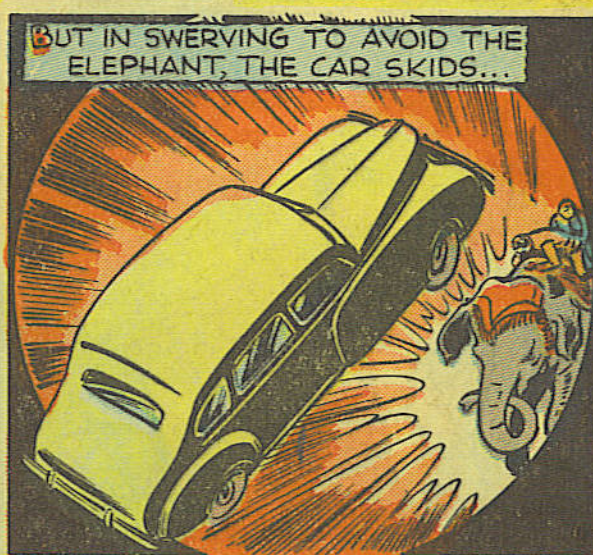
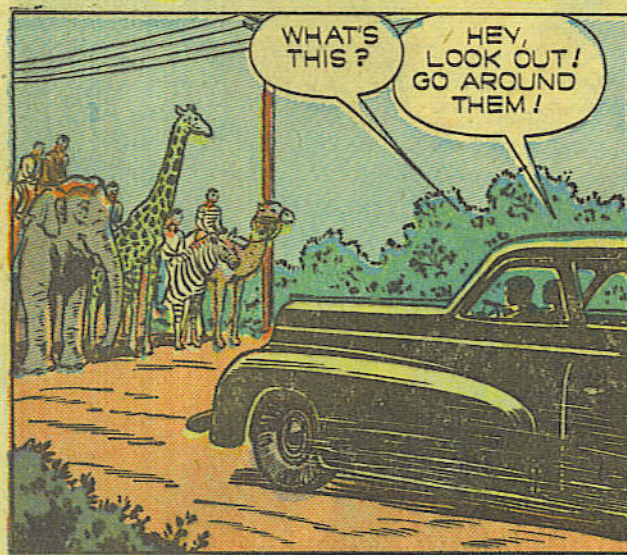
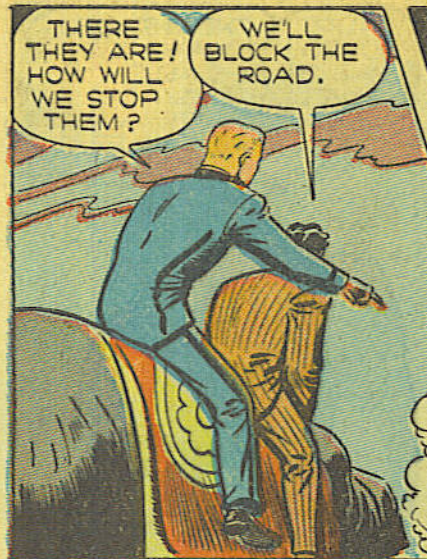
COME
ON, MEN
.. AFTER
THEM!

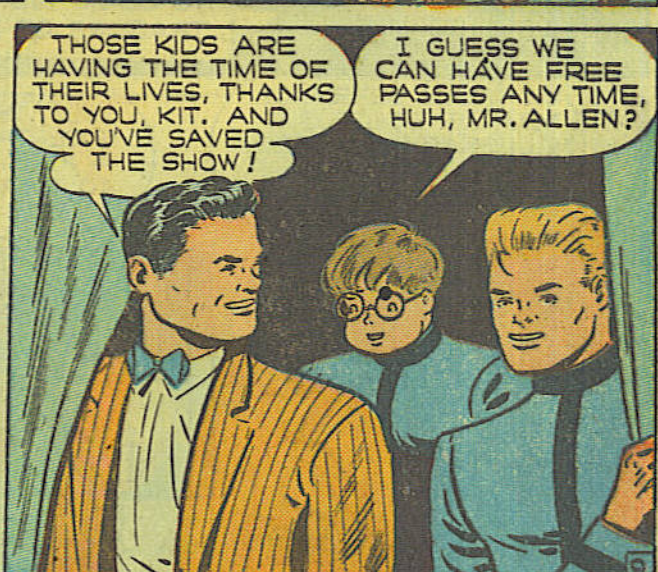
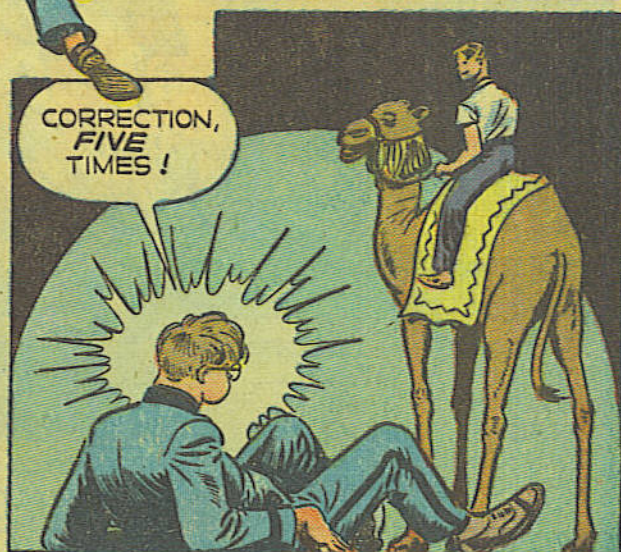
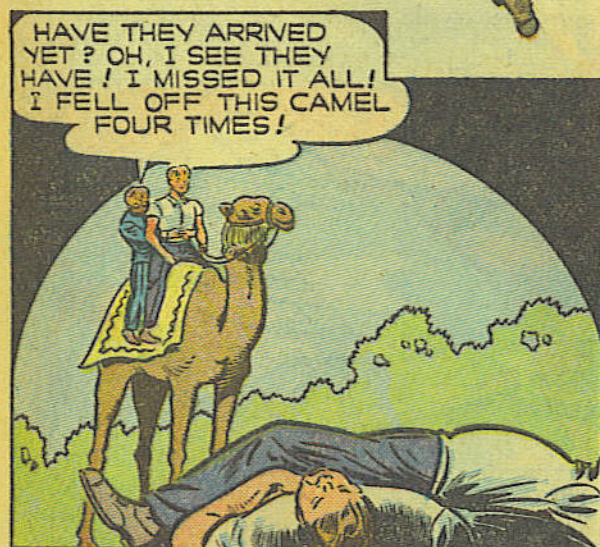


WHAT ABOUT
ME? IS THERE
A LITTLE
ELEPHANT I
CAN RIDE?

HERE, JERRY,
TAKE CARE OF
THE BOY!







GARY STARK

by
DON
RICO



WHEN GARY DECIDED TO TAKE A JOB WITH ZALO, HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE WAS HEADING FOR THE MOST DANGEROUS ADVENTURES OF HIS YOUNG LIFE...

... FOR ZALO, KING OF A SOUTH SEA ISLAND, WAS RETURNING TO CLAIM HIS THRONE FROM THE TRAITORS OF ZALOLAND!

I AM TRULY SORRY TO TIE YOU UP, BOY, BUT IT IS NECESSARY! YOU SEE, I NEED YOUR FRIENDSHIP AND HELP!

HMM! THIS IS CERTAINLY A FINE WAY TO SHOW IT, BUB!

PERHAPS! HOWEVER, WE SHALL SEE! I'LL LEAVE YOU NOW! AGAIN, BOY, I AM SORRY!



QUESTION No. 5. Suva is the capital of what South Sea island group?

A FINE
THING! HE
SAYS HE LIKES
ME... AND LOOK
WHAT HE DOES!
THE GUYS BUGS!



MEANWHILE,
UP ON THE
BRIDGE...

SIR, THERE'S
A STORM
COMING UP!

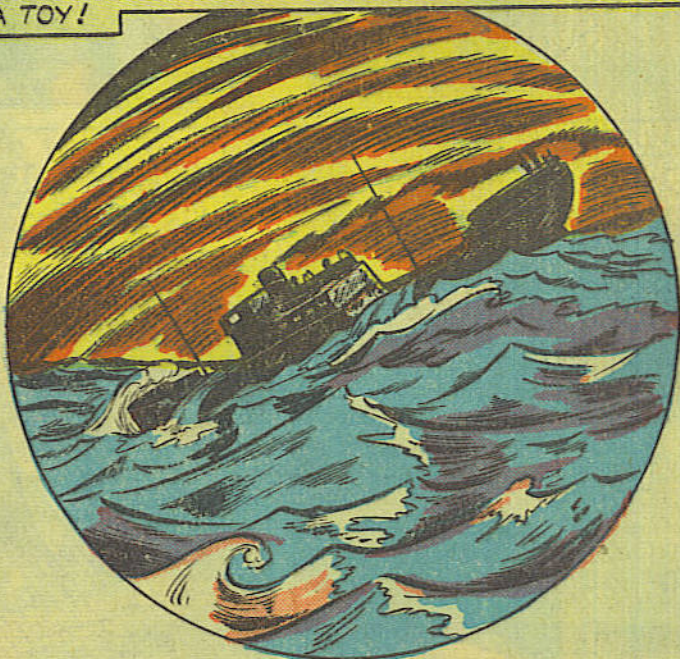
STORM?
IT'S A
HURRICANE!



LIKE THE GATHERING OF THE
FORCES OF A VOLCANO, THE
SOUTH SEA SKIES RUMBLE
IN ANGER!



IN A FEW MINUTES, THE SEA IS A HEAVING
MASS AND THE SHIP IS BUFFETED ABOUT LIKE
A TOY!



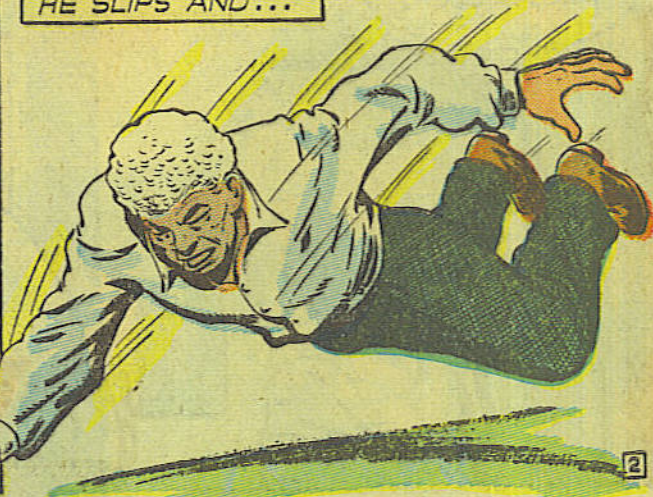
AND IN GARY'S CABIN...

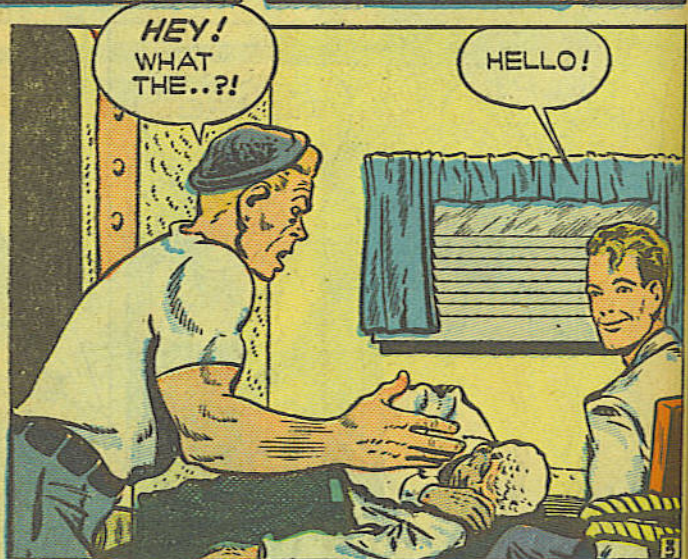
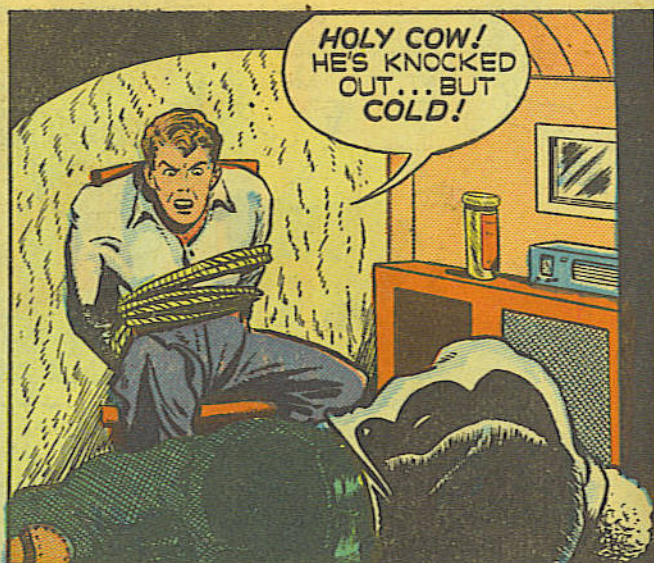
HELP!
HEY! LET
ME OUTTA
HERE!

EASY, BOY!
I'LL FREE
YOU!

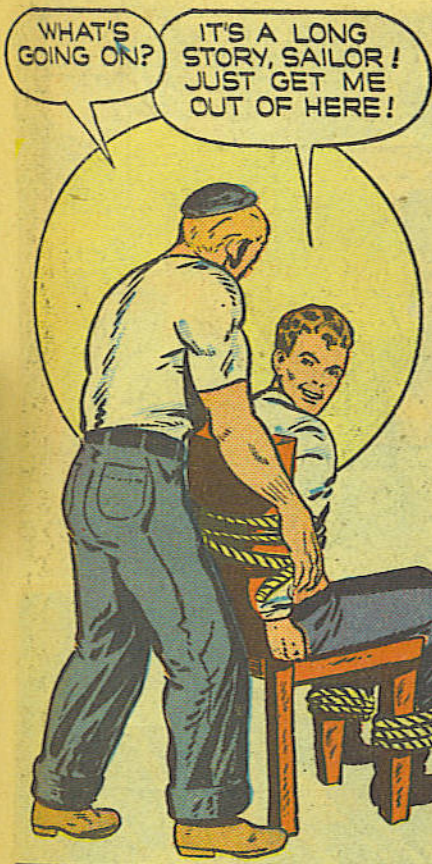


BUT AS ZALO GOES TO UNTIE GARY,
HE SLIPS AND...



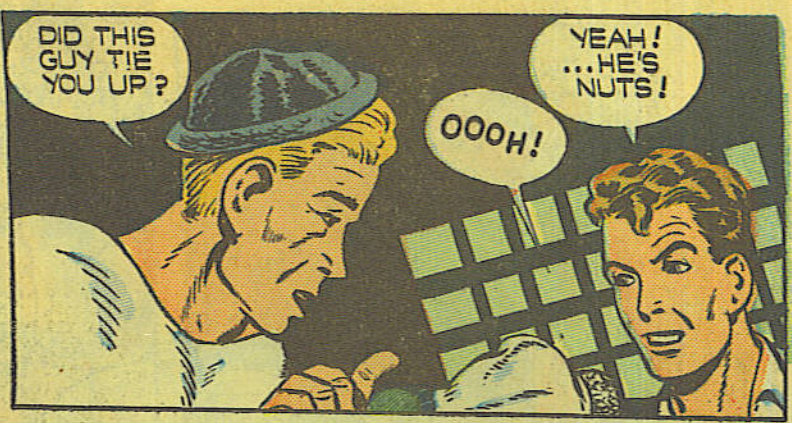


Q UESTION No. 6. What type of shirt is the seaman wearing who goes to look for Gary?



WHAT'S GOING ON?

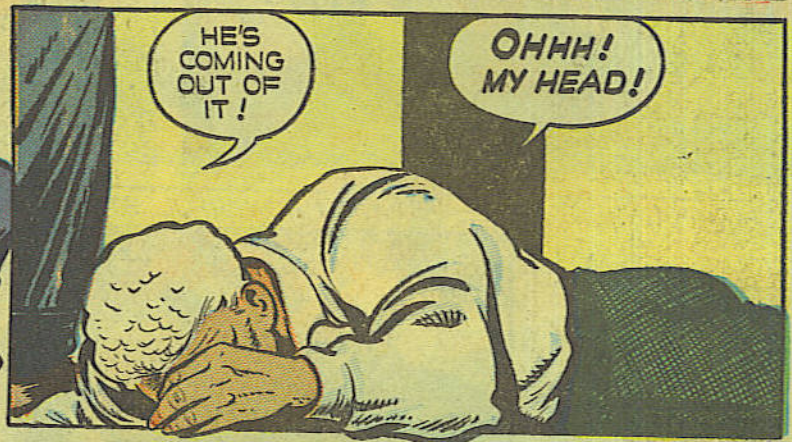
IT'S A LONG STORY, SAILOR! JUST GET ME OUT OF HERE!



DID THIS GUY TIE YOU UP?

OOOH!

YEAH! ...HE'S NUTS!



HE'S COMING OUT OF IT!

OHhh! MY HEAD!



C'MON, BUDDY! THE CAPTAIN WILL WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT TYIN' THIS KID UP!

OH, NO! YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND!



MARCH!

AS YOU SAY! BUT YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!

UP ON DECK, THEY FACE THE FULL FURY OF THE GALE!



WOW! THIS IS SOMETHING!

HUG THE RAIL, KID, OR YOU'LL BE...



LOOK OUT!

HELP!

THE GREAT WAVE WASHES GARY OVER-BOARD INTO THE MAD SEA!

HELP!



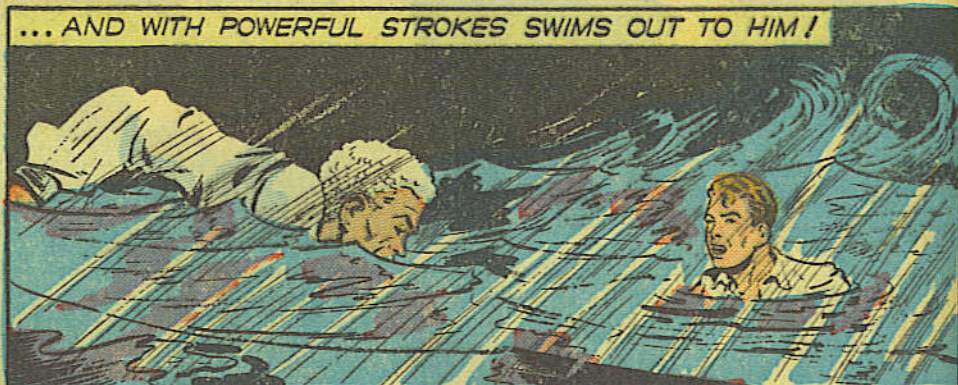
MAN OVER-BOARD!

AS THEY STATE IN AMERICA...YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!



ZALO PLUNGES AFTER HIS YOUNG FRIEND!

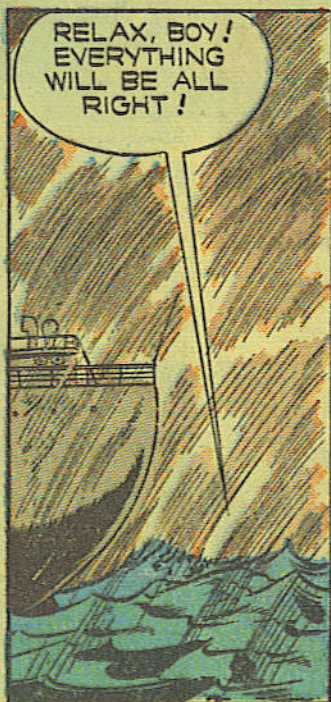
... AND WITH POWERFUL STROKES SWIMS OUT TO HIM!



RELAX, BOY! EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

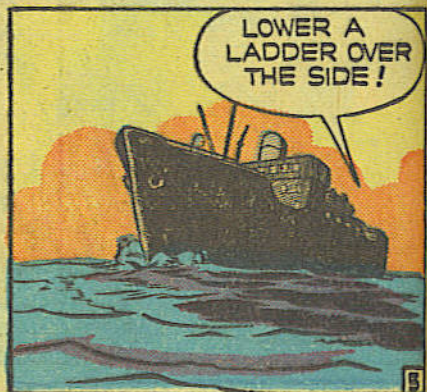
YOU ARE NOT GOING TO DIE! YOU ARE MY FRIEND!

GLUB!



IN THE MEANTIME, THE SHIP HAS SPUN ABOUT FOR THE RESCUE, AS THE STORM SUDDENLY BLOWS AWAY!

LOWER A LADDER OVER THE SIDE!



IN RECORD TIME, THE TWO ARE TAKEN ABOARD...THEN...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, BOY?

YES, ZALO!
..THANKS TO YOU! YOU SAVED MY LIFE!



IT WAS NOTHING.

IT PROVED ONE THING TO ME...YOU'RE ON THE LEVEL! COUNT ME IN ON YOUR DEAL TO GET BACK YOUR THRONE! SHAKE!



I'LL BE GRATEFUL FOREVER! AND YOU WON'T BE SORRY!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

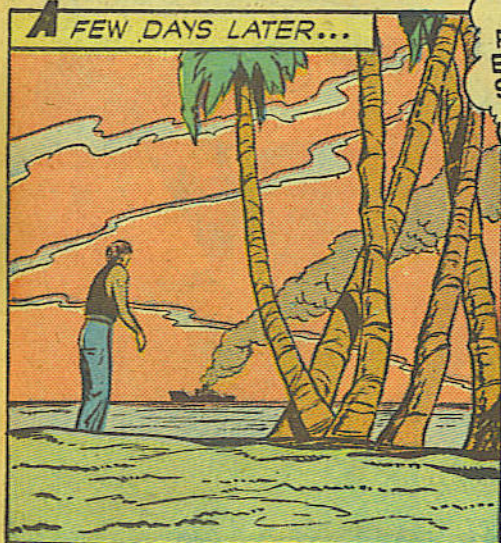
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? DIDN'T THIS GUY TIE YOU UP!

IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE, SAILOR! EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW!

AND AGAIN THE SHIP GOES ON ITS VOYAGE...TO GARY'S RENDEZVOUS WITH HIGH ADVENTURE!



A FEW DAYS LATER...



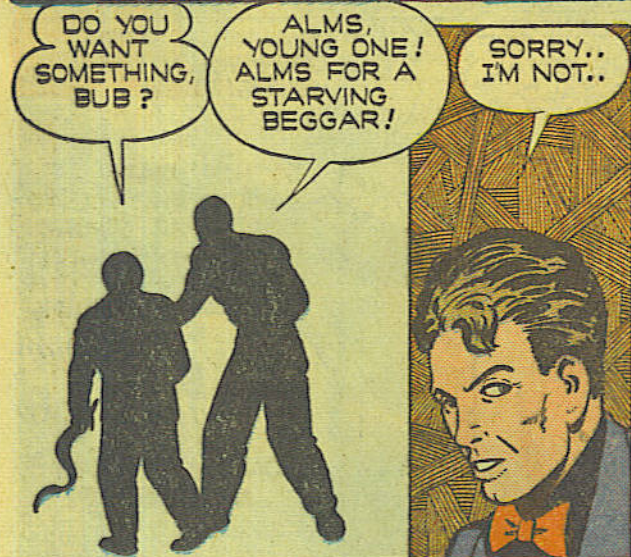
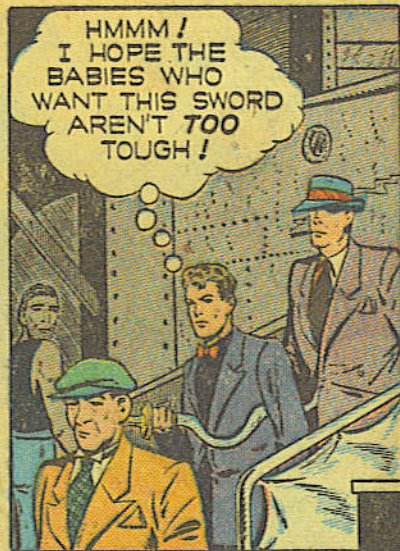
ANOTHER SHIP! PERHAPS THIS ONE BRINGS THE ROYAL SWORD OF ZALO-LAND! WITH IT I CAN BE KING!



I WILL MINGLE WITH THE CREW WHEN THEY COME ASHORE! THEN I SHALL FIND OUT IF ONE OF THEM HAS IT!



ACCORDING TO ZALO'S PLAN, HE IS TO REMAIN HIDDEN WHILE GARY GOES ASHORE WITH THE SWORD... THEN, WHEN GARY FINDS OUT WHO WANTS THE BLADE, HE IS TO RETURN AND TELL ZALO...



BUT BOLO SNEAKS A SWIFT BLOW TO THE BASE OF GARY'S SKULL!



QUESTION No. 8. What king owned a sword called "Excalibur"?



BUT A
DAINTY
FOOT IS
SUDDENLY
THRUST
IN
BOLO'S
PATH!



HERE'S YOUR THINGAMAJIG,
KID! NO CROOKS'LL BOTHER
YOU WHILE LADY JADE'S
AROUND! AT
LEAST BOLO
WON'T!

THANKS!
BOLO,
EH?



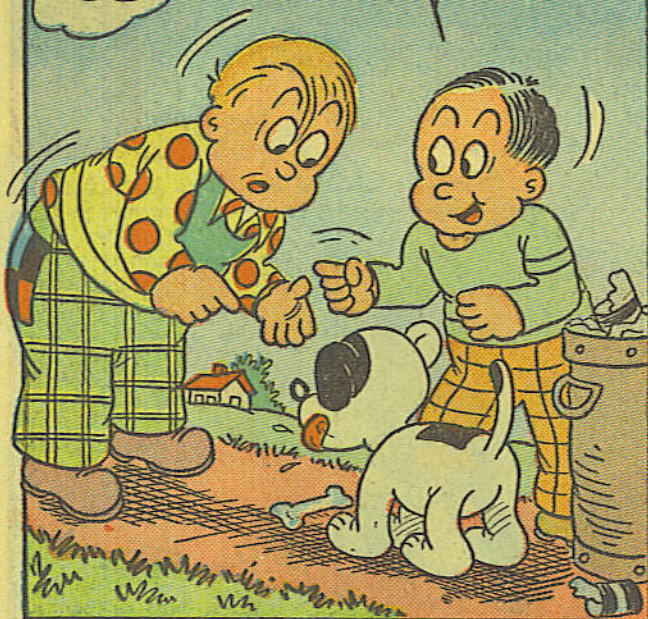
SO NOW GARY
KNOWS WHO WANTS
THE ROYAL SWORD!
BUT HE HAS ALSO
MET THE MYSTERIOUS
LADY JADE, BEFORE
WHOM THIEVES
TREMBLE! WHO IS
SHE AND WHAT
PART WILL SHE PLAY
IN GARY'S LIFE?
DON'T MISS THE
NEXT ISSUE!



by
MILT HAMMER

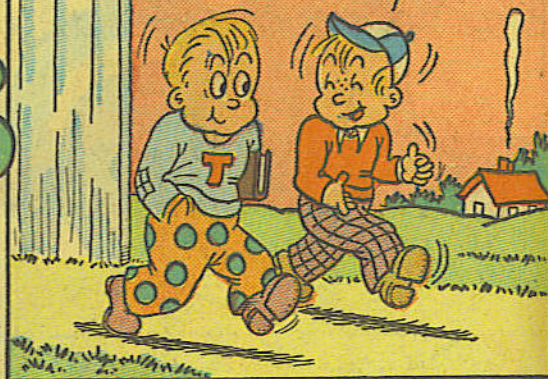
DOES THAT DOG OF YOURS
EAT EVERYTHING, HUH ???

SURE! YOU'D BETTER
NOT GO TOO NEAR
HIM, PAL !!!



I WONDER WHY WE
HAVE A THUMB ??

FER HITCH-
HIKING, I S'POSE !!



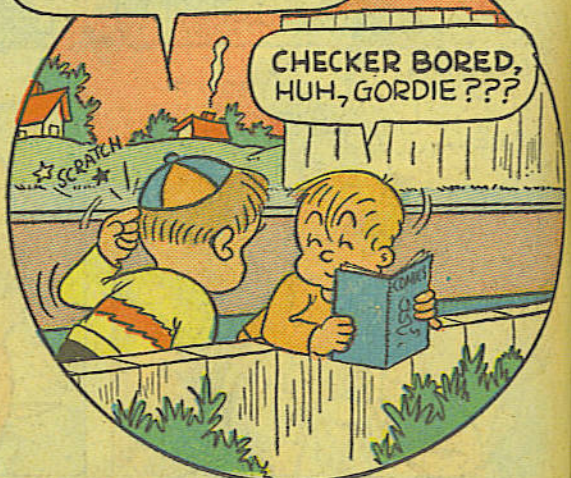
YER POP MUST BE IN THE TIRE
BUSINESS IF HE FIXES
FLATS, HUH ??

NAW-HE'S AN
INTERIOR
DECORATOR !!



Y'KNOW - I SURE
AM TIRED OF
PLAYING CHECKERS !!!

CHECKER BORED,
HUH, GORDIE ???



CANDID CHARLIE

DRAWN BY BOB Q. SIEGE

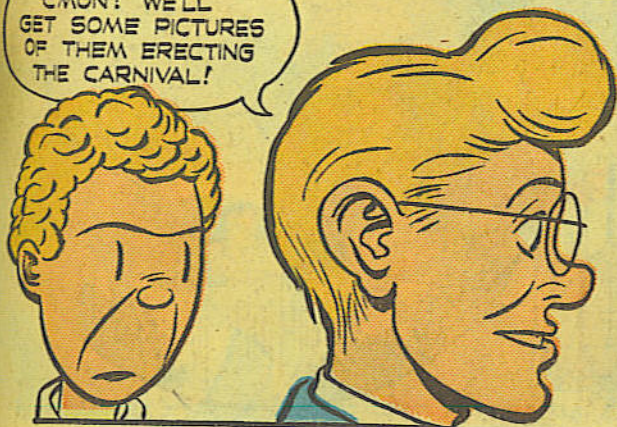


CHARLIE LIKES CARNIVAL FUN, BUT WHEN SWINDLERS TAKE \$5,000 FROM LENSVILLE CITIZENS, AND MENACE CHARLIE'S LIFE--- THAT'S CARRYING FUN TOO FAR!

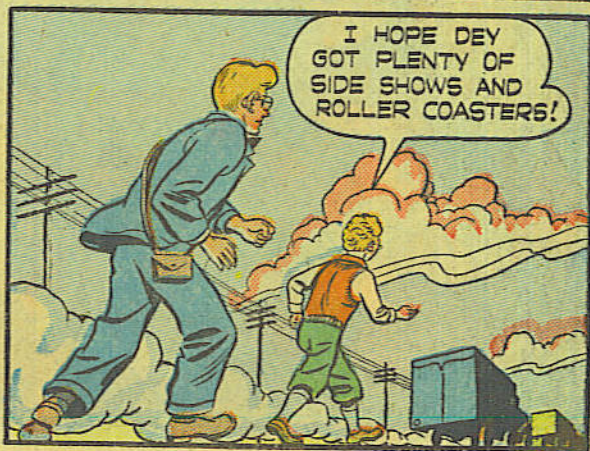
OH BOY!
CHARLIE! IT'S
HERE AT LAST!



C'MON! WE'LL
GET SOME PICTURES
OF THEM ERECTING
THE CARNIVAL!



I HOPE DEY
GOT PLENTY OF
SIDE SHOWS AND
ROLLER COASTERS!



TARGET COMICS

SOON--AT THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS--

CHEE! DIS DON'T
LOOK SO HOT TO
ME! WHERE'S DA
MERRY-GO-ROUND
AND DA AIRPLANE
SPIN AND DA
SHOOT-DA-
CHUTES?

IT IS
DISAPPOINTING,
MERKIN!

TAKE A
CHANCE

WIN A PRIZ

GOLLY, ALL
THEY HAVE HERE
ARE GAMES OF
CHANCE! THAT'S
NOT FUN!

HEY,
YOU!!

WHADDAYA SNOOPIN'
AROUND MY CARNIVAL
FOR?

YEAH--
YOU
MAY
FIND
SOMETHING
YOU DON'T
WANT!

FRANKLY, THERE 'ISN'T
ANYTHING I WANT!! THIS
LOOKS LIKE
A GAMBLING
SETUP
TO ME!

SMART BRAT,
AIN'T YA---AND
WITH A CAMERA,
TOO!

I'LL
TAKE CARE
OF THAT,
CHUCK!

SMASH THE CAMERA,
BOSS--WHILE I GIVE FOUR-
EYES HERE, A LITTLE
WORKOUT!

OH!!

BUT JUST AS CHARLIE IS IN FOR A
BEATING, HIS ASSAILANT SUDDENLY
RELEASES HIM.

ULP! LOOK
WHO'S COMING!

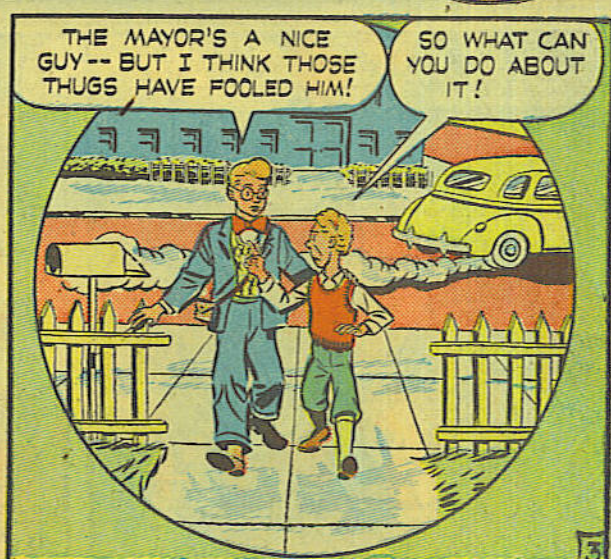
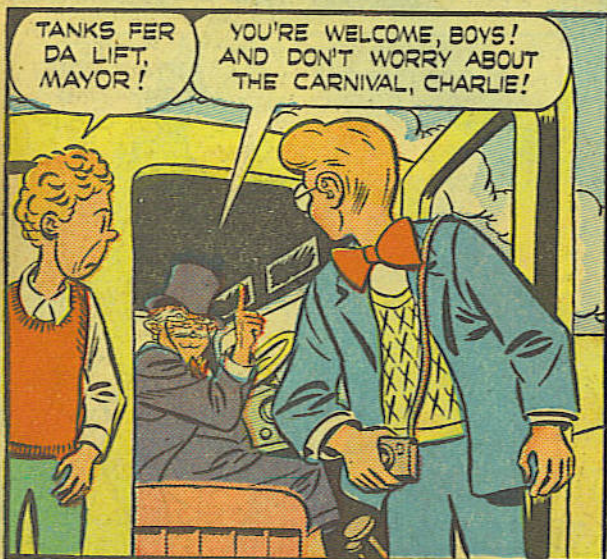
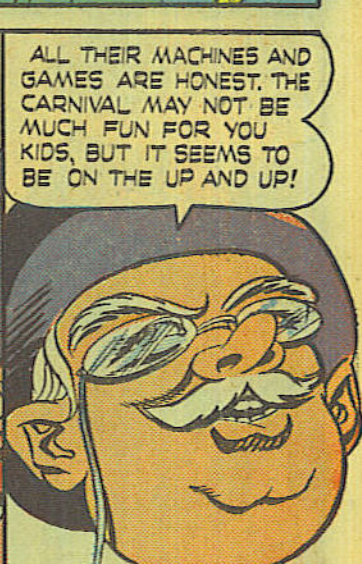
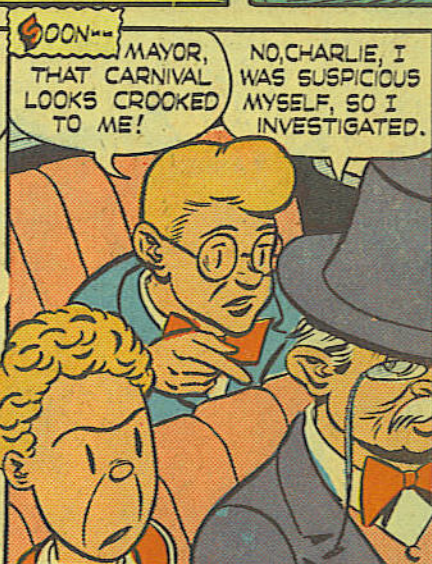
CUT IT
OUT!

AW,
CAN'T
YOU
TAKE
A JOKE?
I WANT
US TO
BE PALS!

HUHH?
WHAT GOES
ON HERE?

TAKE A
CHANCE!

QUESTION No. 9. What was the name of the plane Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic?



YOU'LL FIND OUT TONIGHT! WE'RE NOT THROUGH WITH THAT CARNIVAL YET!



THERE'S THAT NIGHT--
INFRARED FILM IN MY CAMERA...SO POOR LIGHTING WON'T KEEP US FROM TAKING PICTURES OF THE DIRTY WORK!

YEAH! BUT FIRST WE GOT TO FIND DA DOITY WOIK!



BUT CHARLIE IS SURPRISED BY THE GENEROSITY OF THE CARNIVAL.



WHAT A WONDERFUL CARNIVAL! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH GOOD PRIZES!

CHEE! I GUESS WE WUZ WRONG!

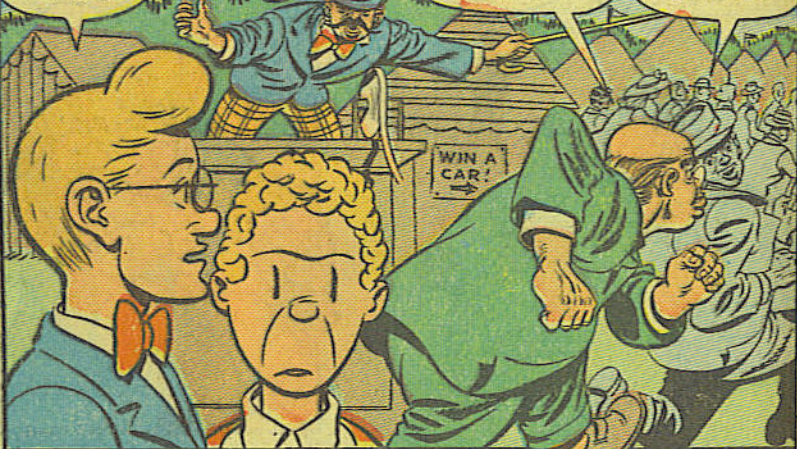


MAYBE-- IT'S SURE A MYSTERY TO ME!

HURRY THIS WAY! WIN A CAR!

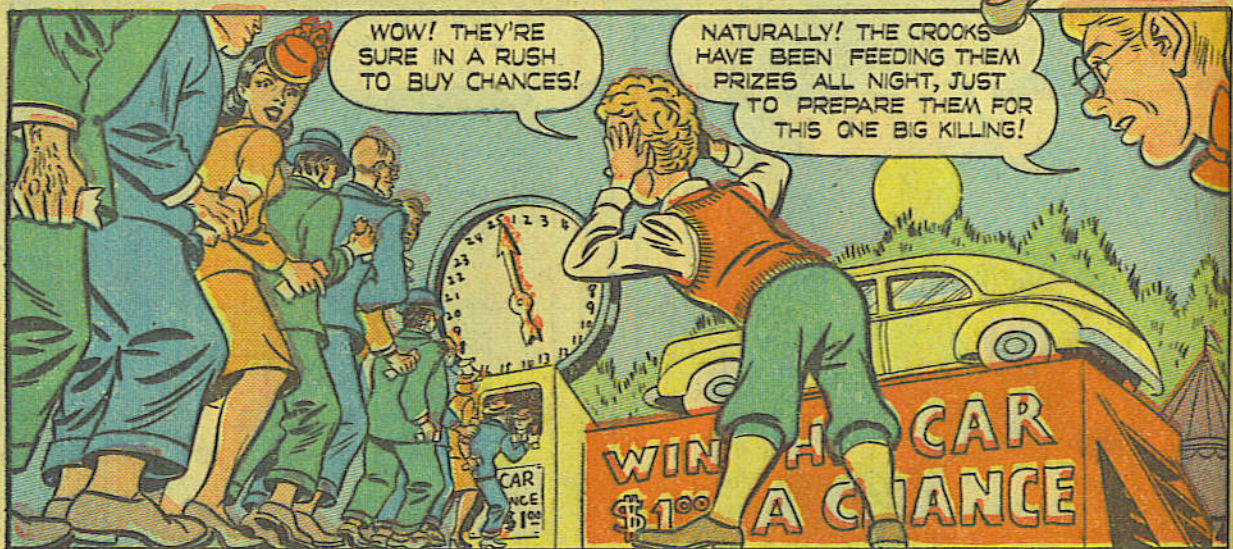
A BRAND-NEW CAR FOR ONLY A BUCK! LET ME AT IT!

GOLLY! ONLY A DOLLAR A CHANCE!



WOW! THEY'RE SURE IN A RUSH TO BUY CHANCES!

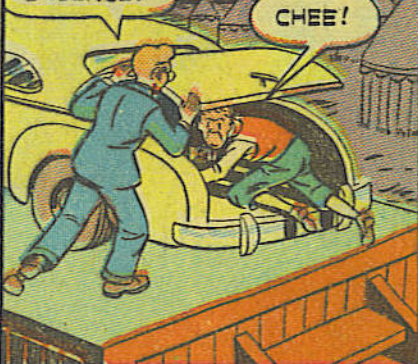
NATURALLY! THE CROOKS HAVE BEEN FEEDING THEM PRIZES ALL NIGHT, JUST TO PREPARE THEM FOR THIS ONE BIG KILLING!





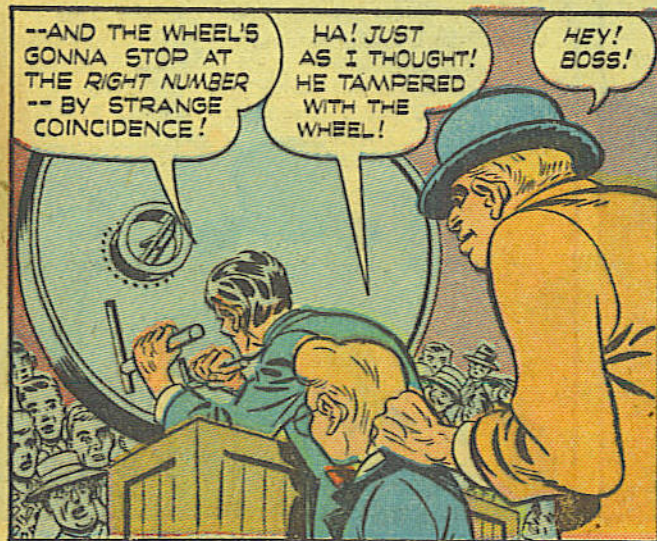
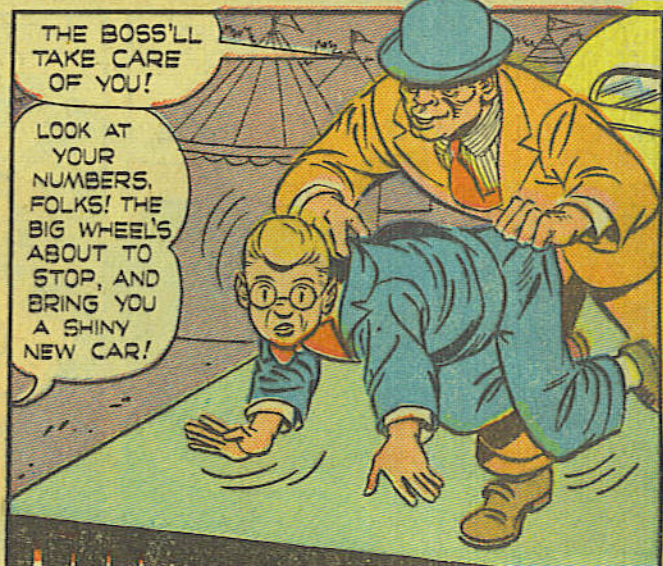
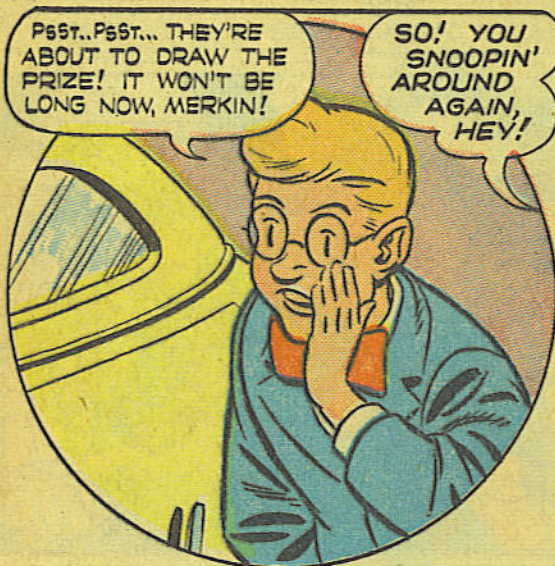
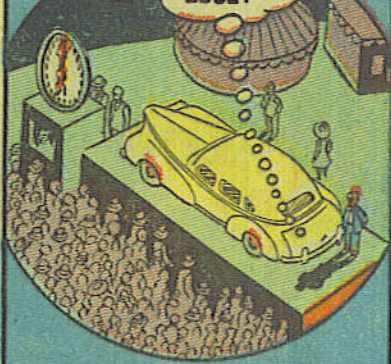
UNOBSERVED, MERKIN GETS INTO THE TRUNK OF THE PRIZE AUTO.

C'MON, SLIP INTO THE CAR TRUNK. SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO THE CAR, AND GET SOME PICTURES FOR EVIDENCE!



CHARLIE CLOSES THE DOOR ON MERKIN AND WAITS----

THE SUCKERS ARE SO BUSY THROWING DERE MONEY AWAY DEY DON'T SEE NOTHIN' ELSE!



A MOMENT LATER THE PRIZE CAR IS AWARDED AND DRIVEN OFF!

CHEE! HOPE DIS GUY DOESN'T GO FAR!

LUCKY GUY!

THIS CARNIVAL GAVE THE BEST PRIZES EVER!

A MINUTE LATER--ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CARNIVAL---

HERE'S YOUR PRIZE BACK, BOSS! THE SUCKERS FELL FOR IT AS USUAL!

HERE'S THE PAYOFF, AL!

AND HERE'S WHERE I GET OUT!

WAIT TILL THE COPS SEE THIS PHOTO!

WHAT A SMOOTH RACKET THIS IS! WE TOOK IN OVER FIVE GRAND!

CLICK!

SOON--

HEY, QUICK!! DEVELOP DESE PITCHERS ... BUT FAST! ME PAL, CHARLIE'S, DISAPPEARED ... AND YOU FLATFOOTS GOTTA HELP ME!

CHARLIE'S IN TROUBLE? GIVE US THOSE PICTURES!

WANTED

POLICE CHIEF

LATER, AS THE CARNIVAL IS BREAKING UP TO MOVE TO ANOTHER TOWN---

YOU'RE A SMART KID --BUT BRAINS AIN'T GONNA HELP YOU NOW!

LET'S THROW HIM IN THE RIVER!

C'MON, COPPERS! OVER HERE!

THE PITCHERS CONVINCED DA BULLS, CHARLIE!

COME ON, PUNKS! YOUR RACKET IS BUSTED FOR GOOD!

I KNEW I SHOULDA BUSTED DAT CAMERA!

Later--

YOU SAVED OUR CITIZENS THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS --- AND BROKE UP A RACKET THAT WOULD HAVE CHEATED MANY OTHER TOWNS! CONGRATULATIONS!

MAYBE THE NEXT CARNIVAL WILL GIVE US SOME REAL FUN!

THE WRONG GUN

by W. Cuthbert

REVIEWS



IT was Jimmy Cain's first job, and his first pay day. He was mighty happy to be working for the Alpha Publishing Company.

Of course he was only an office boy now, starting at the bottom. But if hard work meant anything, eventually he'd get that job in the art department, and some day he'd be a big-name illustrator.

Jimmy's job was to carry copy to the various departments, but at the moment most of the office force was out to lunch, and there was nothing for him to do. As was his habit, he took a pencil and pad from his pocket and looked about the office for an object to sketch. He knew that continual practice would make him a better artist, preparing him for the day when his chance would come.

The big safe, from which the paymaster was taking bags of money, fascinated him. He began to draw a picture of the scene before him. He became so interested that he failed to hear the office door open and the soft footsteps behind him.

A voice suddenly snapped. "We'll take that money!"

Jimmy looked up to see

three masked men with menacing guns in their hands. Frightened, he dropped the pad and backed against Mary Harvey's desk. Mary was helping to put money into envelopes, but when she saw the men she raised her hand to her mouth to hold back a scream. Just then Mr. Battles, the paymaster, grabbed a gun from an open desk drawer. He was too late. One of the bandits shot him.

The masked man who pulled the trigger showed signs of nervousness when his handkerchief mask slid down to his neck. He jerked the mask back into place—waited momentarily as Mr. Battles slid to the floor, then with his companions, grabbed up the bags of money.

The robbers, after threatening harm to Jimmy and Mary if they didn't remain quiet, vanished as quickly as they had appeared.

The noise of the plant presses adjoining the office had drowned out the report of the shot which killed the paymaster. It was Mary's delayed scream which brought the plant foreman running into the office.

Jimmy forgot his fear as an idea for a sketch entered

his mind. As Mary, sobbing, told what had happened, Jimmy drew the face of the robber whose mask had slipped from his face.

Then things began to happen quickly. The police arrived, and they soon learned that Mary was useless to them. She had been too frightened to notice anything of importance which might help to capture the robbers. It was Jimmy's glimpse of the killer's face that gave the police hope.

Jimmy was taken to Police Headquarters to study the photographs in the Rogues' Gallery. Some of the faces were ugly, and they frightened him. Others were pleasant to look at, and he wondered how these men could be criminals.

After an hour the ordeal began to get monotonous, and he began to doubt that he would find the face. Then, suddenly, he gasped. One photograph, a full face and profile of a lantern-jawed man, was almost certainly that of the killer.

"This is the man," Jimmy told Police Captain O'Brien, who was standing near by.

"Hmm," the Captain said, "Big Tom Daley." He nodded to two detectives and

added, "Go pick him up, boys."

In a short time Big Tom Daley was brought to Headquarters. But he had an airtight alibi. Three of his friends were ready to swear that he had been with them all day.

Captain O'Brien was telling Jimmy's boss that he couldn't hope to convict Big Tom without more evidence, when Big Tom's lawyer arrived.

Jimmy couldn't grasp all of what followed. He couldn't understand how justice was being done when Big Tom, smiling, was allowed to leave Police Headquarters with his lawyer.

Jimmy's boss explained that Big Tom had been permitted to post bail until the time when he would be brought to trial.

For weeks Jimmy went about his work, dismayed. He knew he would be the main witness against Big Tom, yet the robber and killer would go free because the lies of his friends would prove to a jury that he wasn't at the scene of the crime.

When the day of the trial arrived, Jimmy sat between Captain O'Brien and his boss. He went to the witness stand, was questioned by two lawyers, then sat hopelessly by as Big Tom and his friends took the stand.

Captain O'Brien whispered to Jimmy's boss as he shook his head: "We know Big Tom killed your paymaster and stole your

money, but he's going to go free."

The testimony was heard quickly, and a recess was called while the jury retired to reach a verdict.

What could Jimmy do to prove that Big Tom was guilty. He knew the police had done everything in their power to find evidence to convict the criminal, but their efforts had proved fruitless.

Something just had to be done. If Big Tom left the courtroom a free man, he would only commit more robberies, perhaps kill someone else.

Then an idea flashed through Jimmy's mind, and he hurried out of the courtroom. He was thankful that it was rubbish collection day for the people who lived in the houses near the court. He needed a large piece of cardboard in a hurry, and he found a suit box on top of an ash can. He tore off the top of the box and hurried back into the courtroom.

He took his seat again and began to sketch out a drawing on the cardboard. He was drawing all of the time the jury was locked in the room, and finished his sketch shortly before the judge called the court to order.

His boss and Captain O'Brien took their seats on either side of him as the jury filed into the box.

He watched the confident smile on Big Tom's face when his lawyer whispered to him.

Then Jimmy braced himself. He knew that what he was about to do would be out of order in the courtroom. The judge might get mad and fine him, or even send him to jail for contempt. But he had to take the chance.

He jumped up suddenly and rushed to Big Tom. Holding up his drawing, he shouted, "You're guilty! I saw you shoot Mr. Battles! This drawing shows you doing it."

Jimmy had drawn a picture of the thug with his handkerchief mask hanging about his neck. He was featured in the act of shooting the paymaster. The gunman's face resembled Big Tom's — but the man was holding a rifle in his hand.

"You're crazy, kid." Big Tom smiled. "You couldn't have seen that — the killer is usin' a rifle, and I used a revolver—"

Big Tom's smile left his face when he suddenly realized that Jimmy had tricked him with the drawing. He became enraged and reached out to grab Jimmy, but Captain O'Brien stepped between them.

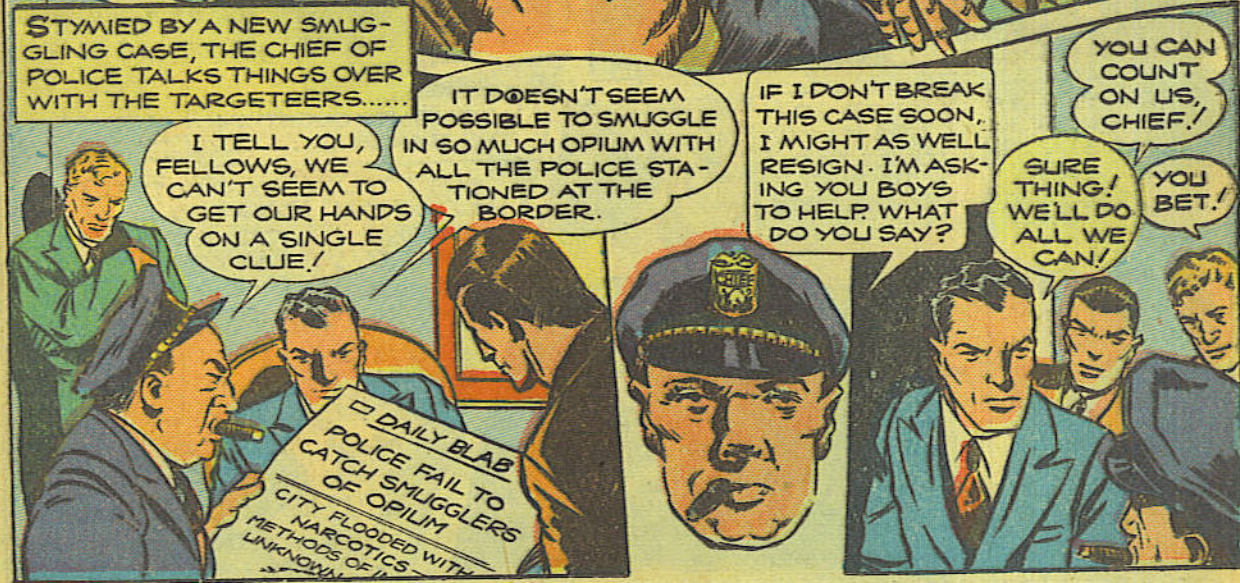
"You just talked your way into the electric chair, Big Tom," Captain O'Brien said.

Later, Jimmy's boss looked at the drawing with a critical eye. "Nice job, Jimmy," he said. "I think we better transfer you to the art department."

THE END

IT TOOK THE INGENUITY
AND COURAGE OF THE
TARGETEERS, AND ALMOST
THE LIFE OF TINA, TO SOLVE...
THE CASE OF THE
SMUGGLERS' BREAD

IT TOOK THE INGENUITY
AND COURAGE OF THE
TARGETEERS, AND ALMOST
THE LIFE OF TINA, TO SOLVE...
THE CASE OF THE
SMUGGLERS' BREAD



**STYMIED BY A NEW SMUG-
GLING CASE, THE CHIEF OF
POLICE TALKS THINGS OVER
WITH THE TARGETEERS.....**

I TELL YOU, FELLOWS, WE CAN'T SEEM TO GET OUR HANDS ON A SINGLE CLUE!

IT DOESN'T SEEM
POSSIBLE TO SMUGGLE
IN SO MUCH OPIUM WITH
ALL THE POLICE STA-
TIONED AT THE
BORDER.

IF I DON'T BREAK
THIS CASE SOON,
I MIGHT AS WELL
RESIGN. I'M ASK-
ING YOU BOYS
TO HELP. WHAT
DO YOU SAY?

YOU CAN
COUNT
ON US,
CHIEF!

SURE
THING!
WE'LL DO
ALL WE
CAN!

YOU
BET!

DAILY BLAB
POLICE FAIL TO
CATCH SMUGGLERS
OF OPIUM
CITY FLOODED WITH
NARCOTICS—
METHODS OF
UNKNOWN





I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK!
I DIDN'T WANT TO GET
MIXED UP WITH THIS,
BUT THEY SAID THEY'D
KILL ME IF I DIDN'T
DISTRIBUTE THE BREAD.
THEY BAKE IT AT THE
RIVER...PIER 14...THE
WAREHOUSE. I
GAVE THE BREAD
TO TINA BY
MISTAKE!

THERE IT
IS! THE
WARE-
HOUSE
ON PIER 14!

LOOKS
EMPTY!

BUT LOOK
AT ALL
THAT BREAD!

LET'S BREAK
A LOAF AND
SEE IF IT
CONTAINS
A CAPSULE!

WE MAY HELP
THE CHIEF
SOONER THAN
WE THOUGHT!

YES, BUT MY
DINNER WILL
BE RUINED!

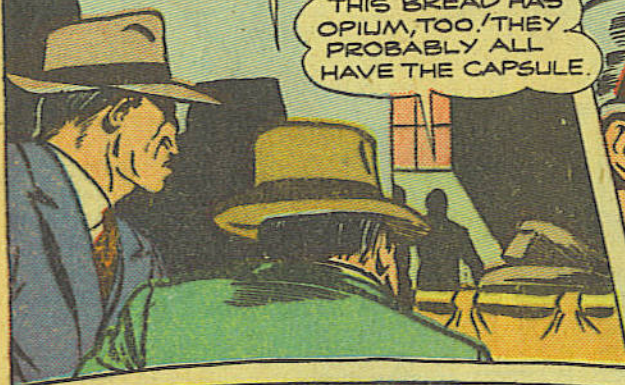


BUT THEIR ACTIONS
ARE WATCHED.....

SNOOPERS,
BOYS!

LET'S
GET 'EM!

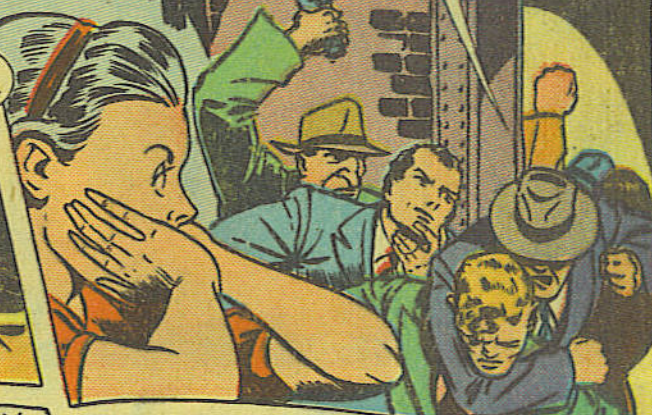
THIS BREAD HAS
OPIUM, TOO. THEY
PROBABLY ALL
HAVE THE CAPSULE.



OH!

NOSEY,
EH?

GIVE 'EM
A GOOD
LESSON,
BOYS!



THE TARGETEERS
QUICKLY RECOVER....

GET AWAY
FROM THE
CHUTE,
MEN!

THE SMUGGLER PULLS THE CHUTE
AND IT RAINS FLOUR.....

I MAY BE
NOSEY....
BUT I CAN GET
FISTY TOO!

HERE'S ONE FOR
YOUR BREADBASKET!

O.K., GANG, LET'S GO!
AND TAKE THE GIRL!

BLUB!

OH! HEY!



MOMENTS LATER....

THEY
GOT
AWAY!

TINA'S GONE
TOO! THEY
MUST HAVE
TAKEN HER!

THIS CALLS FOR
TARGETEER
ACTION!

THEY FOLLOW THE TRAIL....

THEIR
FOOTPRINTS
IN FLOUR-

-LEAD
TO THE
DOCK!

THEY MUST
HAVE TAKEN
OFF IN A
BOAT!

HERE'S A MOTOR-
BOAT. WE'LL HAVE
TO BORROW IT
FOR A WHILE!

HOW ARE WE
GOING TO FIND
THE SMUGGLERS'
BOAT? THERE MUST
BE A HUNDRED
OUT THERE.

WE'LL
HAVE TO
SEARCH
THEM ALL!

THIS IS
LIKE LOOKING
FOR A NEEDLE
IN A HAY-
STACK!

WE'VE
GOT TO FIND
THEM. THEY
MIGHT HURT
TINA!

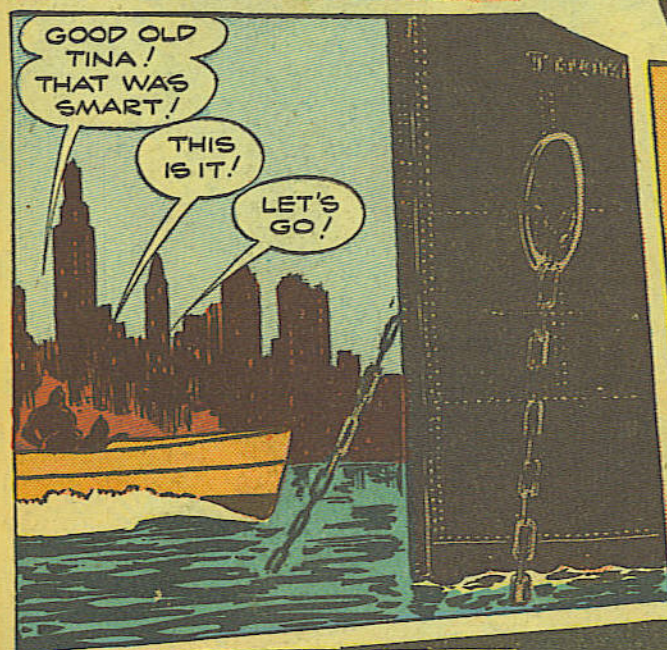
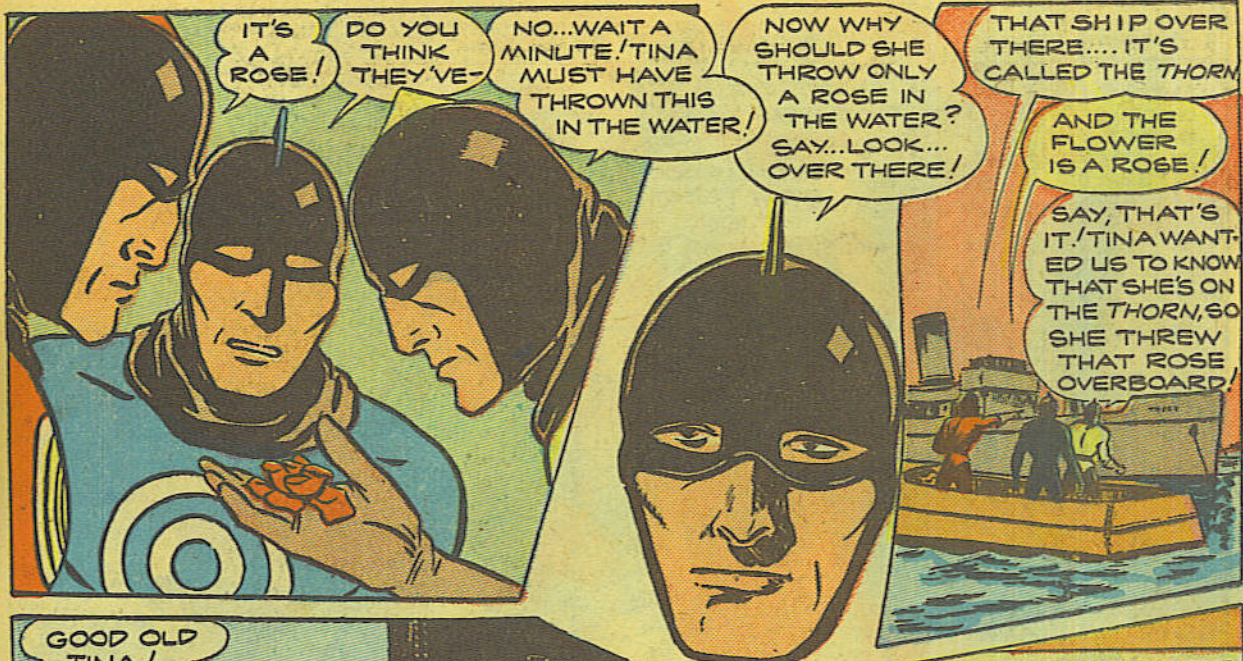
THEY
BETTER NOT
TRY!

NOT
HERE,
EITHER!

SUDDENLY....

LOOK! A FLOWER
FLOATING IN THE
WATER!

IT LOOKS LIKE
ONE FROM TINA'S
CORSAGE!



SUDDENLY....

YOU CAN DELIVER THAT LETTER PERSONALLY!

THE TARGETEERS!

GLUB!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, TINA?

FINE!

YOU SHOULD GET A KICK OUT OF THIS!

I FLY THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE!

HAPPY LANDING!

GET ME OUT OF THIS STRAIT JACKET!

NILES, WATCH OUT!

LATER, THE SMUGGLERS WILL SHOOT AND THIS EXPLAINS

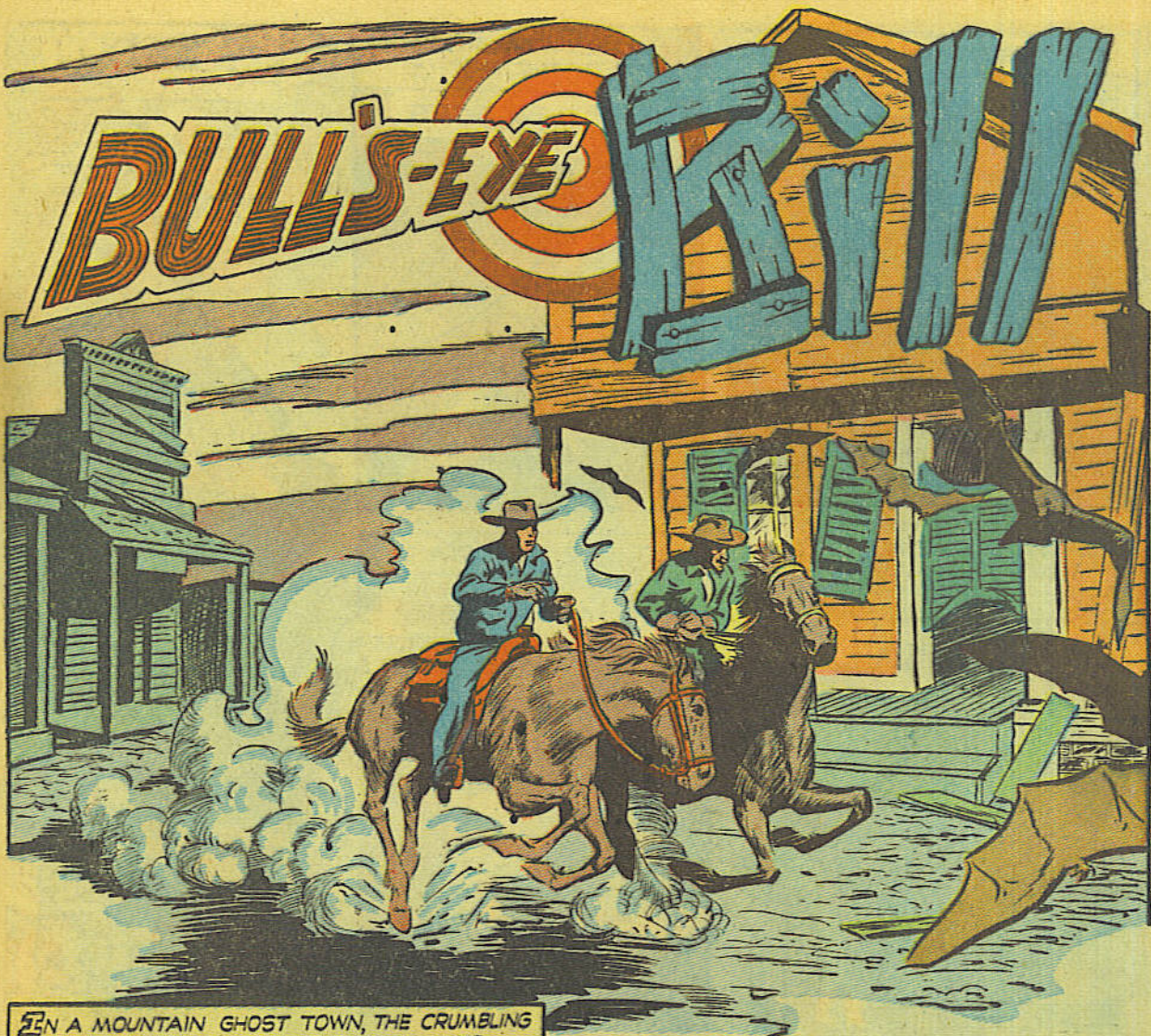
FOR YOU, PIN-HEAD!

THAT WAS A GOOD TRICK, TINA, USING THE ROSE TO LET US KNOW WHERE YOU WERE

I HOPED YOU'D FIND THE FLOWER AND UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANT!

LET'S HURRY BACK BOY, AM I STARVING!

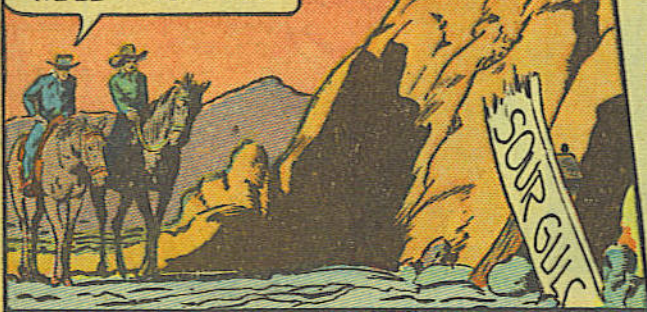
OOF



IN A MOUNTAIN GHOST TOWN, THE CRUMBLING REMINDER OF BRAWLING GOLD RUSH DAYS, BULL'S-EYE BILL WAGES A STRANGE BATTLE WITH AN EERIE, UNKNOWN OPPONENT.

AFTER A HARD DAY'S RIDE, BULL'S-EYE BILL AND RAWHIDE IKE REACH THEIR DESTINATION.

I'M TIRED OF HANDS REFUSING TO PASS THROUGH SOUR GULCH BECAUSE OF GHOSTS! IT'S PLUMB SILLY--AND TONIGHT WE'LL PROVE IT!



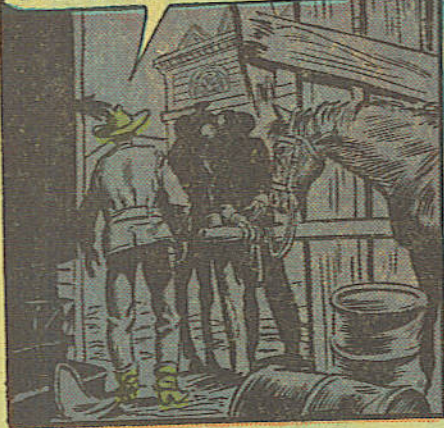
BILL, YUH DON'T RECKON THERE MIGHT REALLY BE GHOSTS A-HAUNTIN' THE TOWN, DO YOU?

OF COURSE NOT!



TARGET COMICS

WAL, IT'S GETTIN' MIGHTY DARK!
IF'N ANY GHOSTS DO SHOW UP,
I'LL START A-SHOOTIN'!



THERE AIN'T NO
WIND, AND--ULP!
LISSSEN!



SUDDENLY, A HAND REACHES
OUT OF THE DARK---



HEY!! THERE GOES
MY HAT!

GOL-DING IT! I DON'T
LIKE
THIS
PLACE!

LOOK!
LIGHTS
FLITTING
THROUGH
THE BUILDINGS!



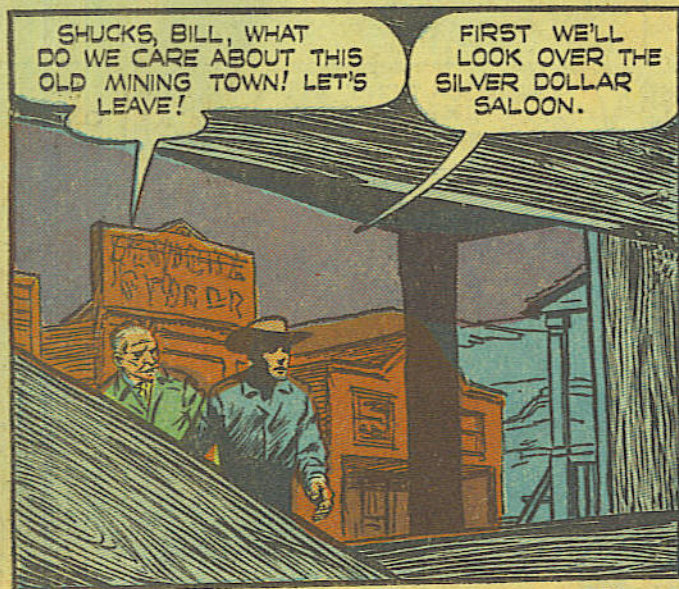
BILL! IT'S GONE!
A GHOST MUSTA DONE IT!

YOU'RE JUMPY AS
A CRICKET, IKE! THE
WIND BLEW IT OFF!



SHUCKS, BILL, WHAT
DO WE CARE ABOUT THIS
OLD MINING TOWN! LET'S
LEAVE!

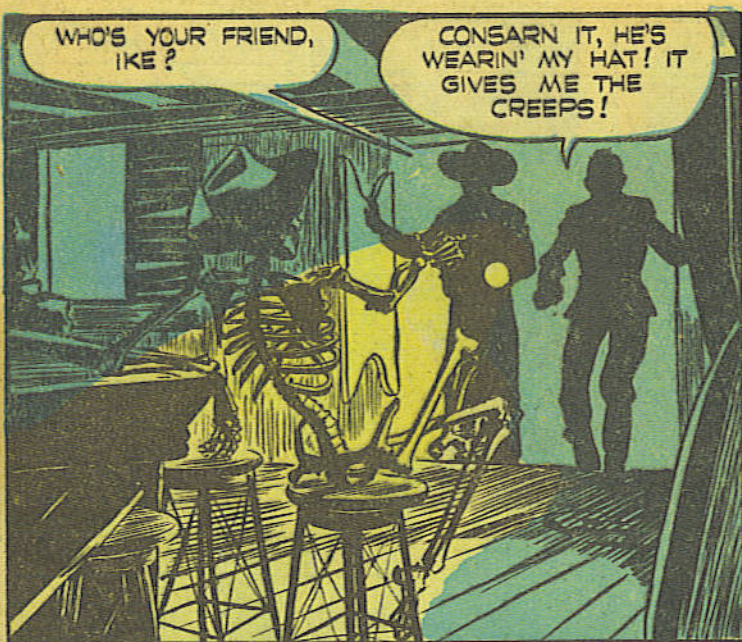
FIRST WE'LL
LOOK OVER THE
SILVER DOLLAR
SALOON.



INSIDE THE SALOON--

YE-O-W!!





WHO'S YOUR FRIEND, IKE?

CONSNAN IT, HE'S WEARIN' MY HAT! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH! THERE ARE GHOSTS HERE! IT'S BEST TO STAY AWAY!

NO! SOME JOKER IS PLAYING THESE TRICKS --AND WE'RE GONNA POKE AROUND TO FIND OUT WHY!



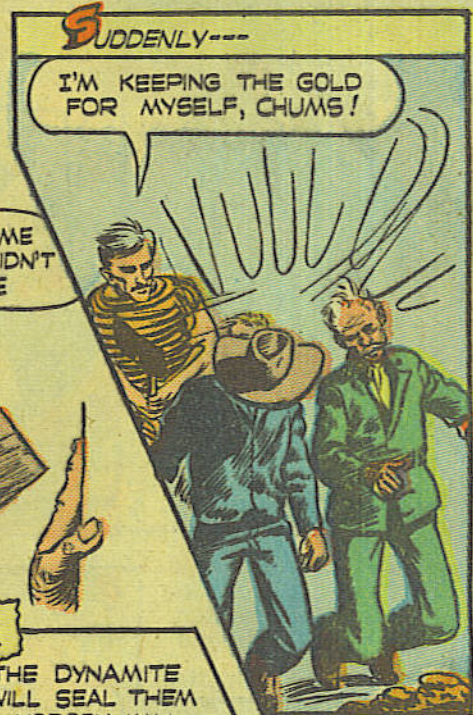
FRESHLY MINED ORE! SOMEBODY'S WORKING THE OLD SHAFTS!

WATCHING--- IS THE "GHOST," JIM PARKER....

THEY FOUND IT! FIRST TIME MY LITTLE SCARE ACT DIDN'T WORK! I'LL HAVE TO USE DIFFERENT METHODS!



SOON---



I'M KEEPING THE GOLD FOR MYSELF, CHUMS!



YOU AND YOUR PAL CAN COOL OFF IN ONE OF THE OLD MINE SHAFTS!



THE DYNAMITE BLAST WILL SEAL THEM IN HERE! NOBODY WILL FIND A TRACE OF THEM!

AS THE DEADLY FUSE SHORTENS, BILL REVIVES.

OW, MY HEAD! NO GHOST COULD PACK A WALLOP LIKE THAT!

DRIVING WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, BILL SNUFFS OUT THE FUSE WITH ONE SHOT.

WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT ORNERY GHOST!

HURRY! HE'S A KILLER!

IN A NEARBY SHACK--

WHY DOESN'T THAT DYNAMITE GO UP?

THERE'S OUR GHOST! I'LL GIVE HIM A TASTE OF HIS OWN "SPIRITS"!

BILL KNOCKS OVER THE LAMP WITH A LONG STICK.

OH! WHAT'S THAT?

IKE TOSSES IN SOME TUMBLEWEED.

HELP! WHAT'S TOUCHING ME? STOP IT!!

THIS IS THE GHOST OF BONANZA BUTCH TALKING!

BONANZA BUTCH
DOESN'T LIKE GREENHORNS
A-DIGGIN' IN SOUR GULCH!

I WAS ONLY TRYING
TO KEEP PEOPLE AWAY!
IT TOOK AN EASTERNER
LIKE ME TO REALIZE OLD-
TIMERS MUST HAVE OVER-
LOOKED A LOT OF GOLD!

I'VE BEEN DIGGING IT
UP, BUT IF PEOPLE
COME I'LL HAVE TO
SHARE
IT!

HUH!
THEY WON'T
TAKE IT,
PARDNER!

OW-OO-OW-OO-OO

WHAT YOU DUG UP IS NOTHIN' BUT IRON
PYRITES-- BETTER KNOWN AS "FOOL'S
GOLD"!

NO! IT CAN'T
BE TRUE!

SHUT UP!
STOP
TELLING
ME THOSE
LIES!

DUCK, IKE!
I'LL GET HIM
THROUGH
THE DOOR!

 MOMENT LATER

BLAST YOU--
YOU'RE NOT A
GHOST!

NEITHER ARE
YOU-- SO QUIT
COMPLAINING!

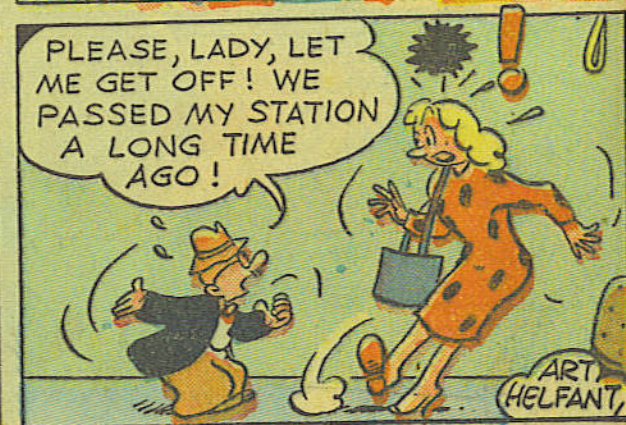
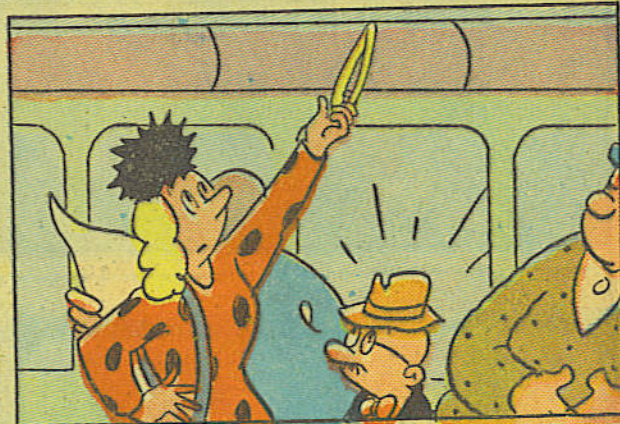
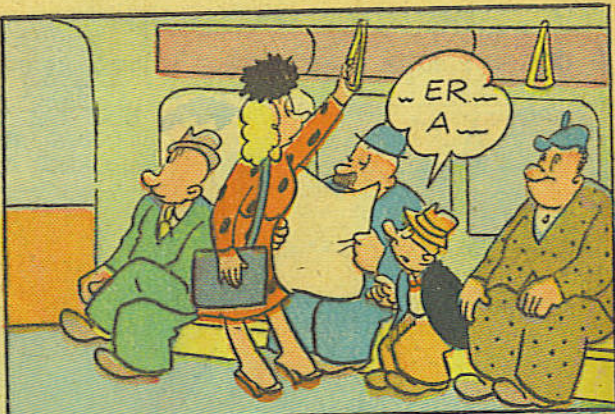
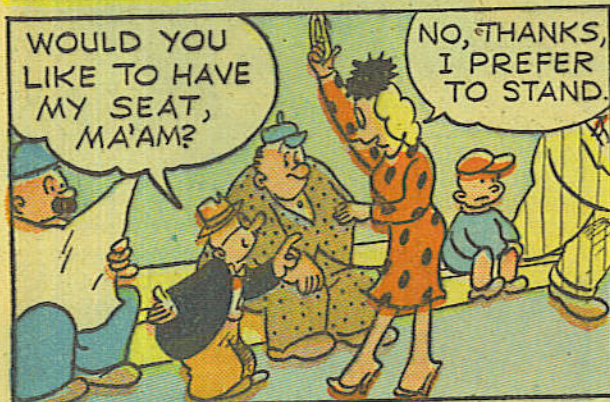
 SOON

YOU HAUNTED THE TOWN
FOR NOTHING, FELLA. THAT "FOOL'S
GOLD" ISN'T
WORTH THE TIME
YOU'LL SPEND IN
THE PEN!

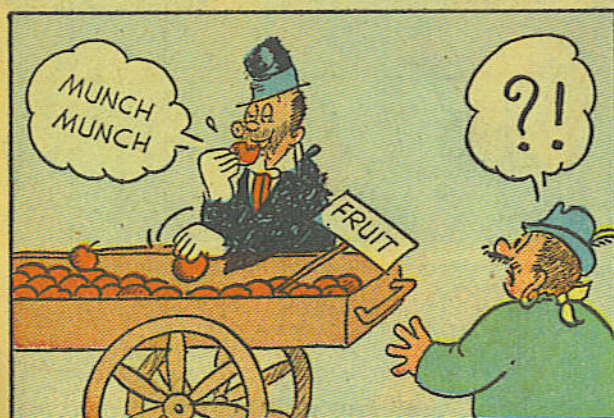
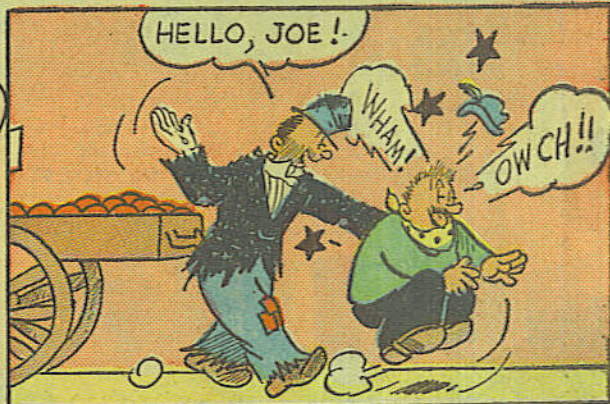
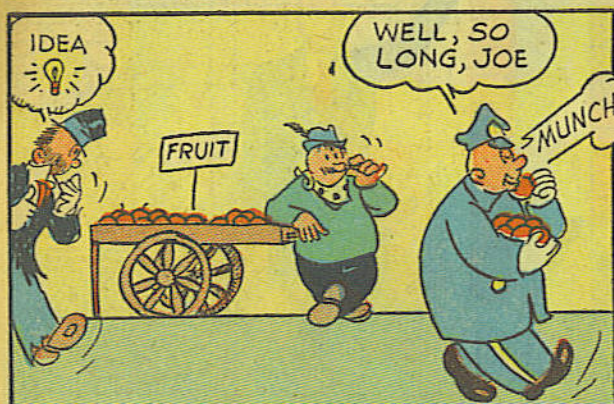
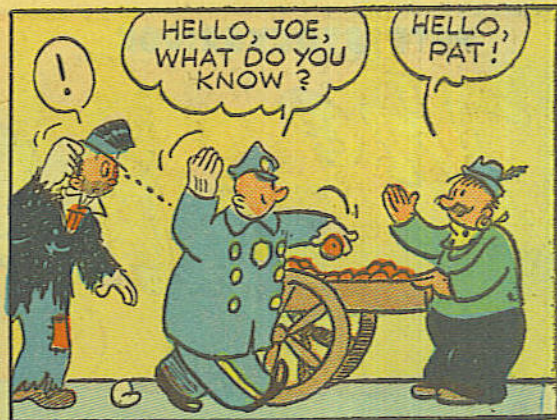
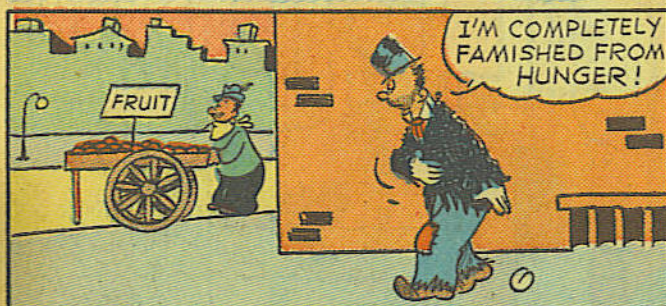
WAL--
SOUR GULCH
IS STILL A
GHOST TOWN, BUT
NOW IT AIN'T GOT
GHOSTS!

TIMID TIM

IN
"HAVE MY SEAT"



HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO



PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELEON

THE SIMPLE PURCHASE OF A FEW BAGS OF CEMENT NEARLY DOOMED BRUCE AND BARTON KLEM AND ALMOST BROUGHT DISASTER TO THE PEACEFUL TOWN OF CARDVILLE. THE "CHAMELEON" STILL REMEMBERS THE INCIDENT AS THE MURDER WITHOUT A CORPSE.



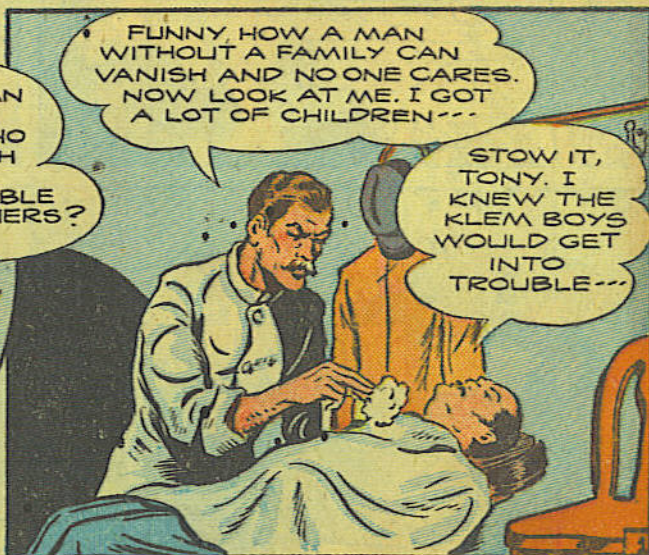
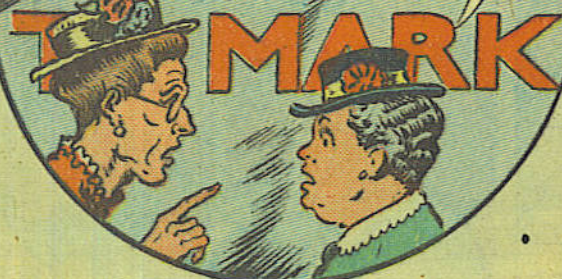
THE TRANQUILLITY OF CARDVILLE HAS BEEN SERIOUSLY SHAKEN, BECAUSE -----

DID YOU HEAR THAT OLD EBEN CARTER HAS FINALLY DISAPPEARED?

YOU MEAN THE MISER WHO LIVES WITH THOSE DISAGREEABLE KLEM BROTHERS?

FUNNY, HOW A MAN WITHOUT A FAMILY CAN VANISH AND NO ONE CARES. NOW LOOK AT ME, I GOT A LOT OF CHILDREN---

STOW IT, TONY. I KNEW THE KLEM BOYS WOULD GET INTO TROUBLE---



QUESTION No. 15. Was Bill Klem a basketball coach or a baseball umpire?



.... THE KLEM MORTGAGE FALLS DUE NEXT MONTH AND BRUCE OWES EVERYBODY IN TOWN.....

THEY MUST HAVE KILLED OLD CARTER FOR HIS MONEY!

TOWN PIPES



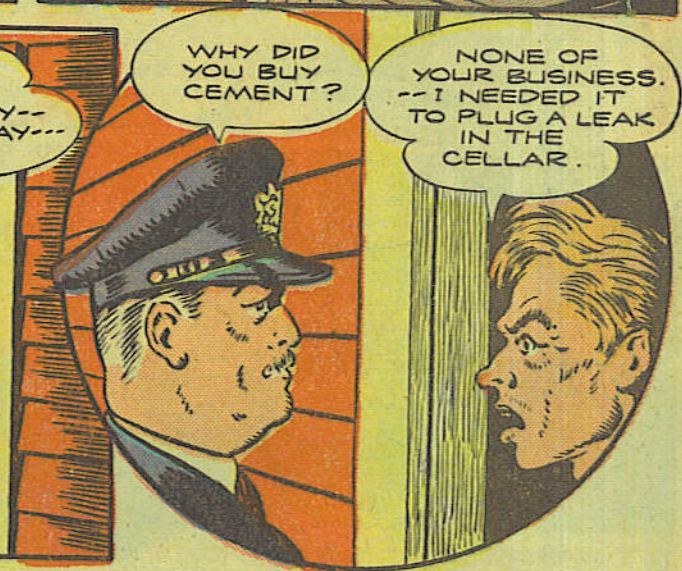
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING, TANNER? HOW ABOUT THE CEMENT AND SPADE BRUCE KLEM BOUGHT FROM IRA?

HE DID, EH? WELL, I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH BRUCE, MR. MARTIN.



DO YOU KNOW WHEN MR. CARTER WILL BE BACK, MR. KLEM?

NOPE! HE LEFT SUDDENLY-- DIDN'T SAY---



WHY DID YOU BUY CEMENT?

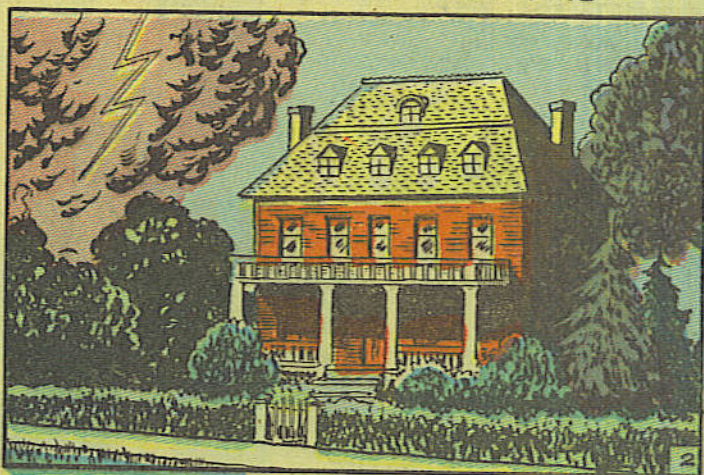
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS. -- I NEEDED IT TO PLUG A LEAK IN THE CELLAR.



AND WHAT ABOUT THE....

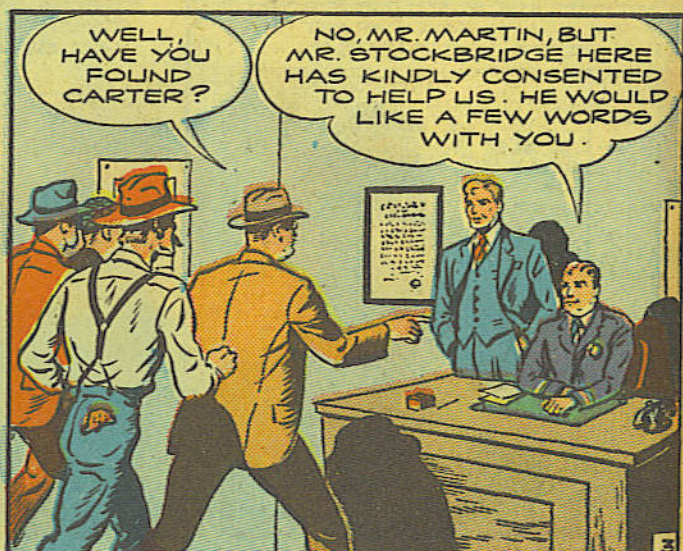
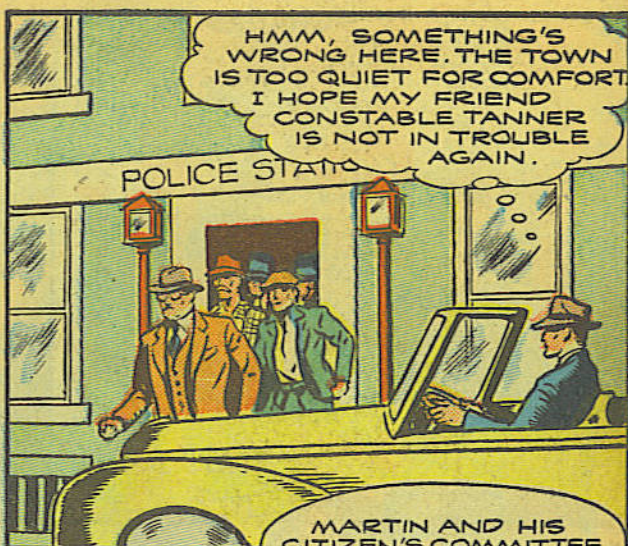
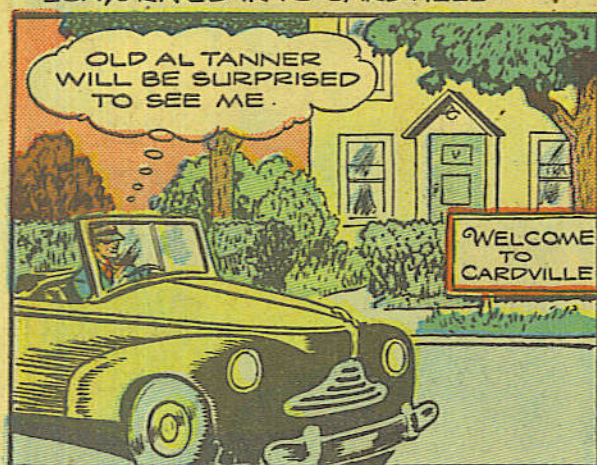
SLAM!

BEFORE LONG, THE RIPPLE OF EVIL TONGUES HAD SWOLLEN INTO A RAGING STORM, THREATENING THE KLEM BROTHERS-----



Now retired, he was a popular National League umpire. No. 15.

NOON THE FOLLOWING DAY, PETE STOCKBRIDGE, ALIAS THE CHAMELEON, DRIVES INTO CARDVILLE----





YOU SEEM CONVINCED THAT THE KLEM BROTHERS MURDERED EBEN CARTER AND THEN BURIED HIS BODY IN THE CELLAR!

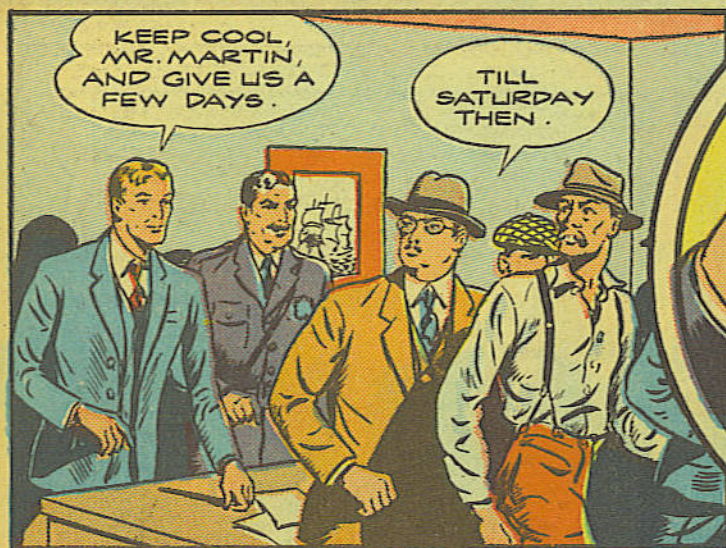
OF COURSE WE ARE. WHERE IS HE? AND WHY BRUCE'S SUDDEN AMBITIONS? HE NEVER FIXED A THING BEFORE. JUST LOOK AT THE HOUSE!



WILL YOU OR ANYONE ELSE PUT THEIR SUSPICIONS INTO A FORMAL CHARGE AGAINST THE KLEMS?

WHO ME?

ARE YOU CRAZY?



KEEP COOL, MR. MARTIN, AND GIVE US A FEW DAYS.

TILL SATURDAY THEN.



PHOO-- YOU CERTAINLY PUT THEM ON THE SPOT, PETE. MARTIN'S A SLICK ARTICLE. HE HAS HIS EYE ON THE KLEM HOUSE.



I HOPE THIS WILL GET ME IN FOR A QUICK LOOK AROUND.



SPECIAL LETTER FOR MR. CARTER.

MR. CARTER ISN'T HERE. I'LL TAKE THE LETTER.



SORRY, I MUST HAVE LOST MY PENCIL---

WAIT HERE, I'LL GET ONE.

WITH BRUCE GONE, PETE ENTERS THE HOUSE-----

I HOPE
HE CAN'T
FIND
THAT
PENCIL.

SUDDENLY---

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING DOWN
THERE?

I SMELLED
GAS AND
THOUGHT---

THE CHAMELEON'S FIRST ATTEMPT ENDS
IN A COMPLETE FIASCO-----

LIAR!
-- GET OUT!

STEP LIVELY OR
I'LL FILL YOU FULL
OF BUCKSHOT,
YOU DIRTY
SNOOPER!

THE SAME EVENING-----

-- I HAD A FLEETING GLANCE
AT THE CELLAR. THERE WAS
A PATCH OF NEWLY LAID
CEMENT, AND IF YOU----

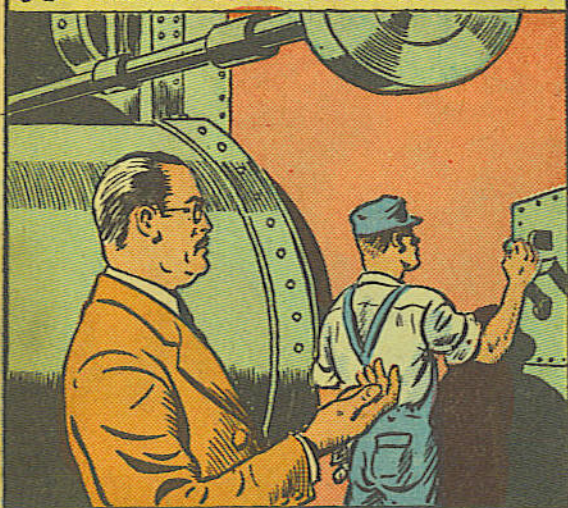
I GRANT YOU ALL
THAT, BUT WHAT YOU
ASK IS HIGHLY
IRREGULAR.

I THOUGHT YOU WANTED
THIS MYSTERY CLEARED UP,
MR. MARTIN. ONLY THIS
AFTERNOON YOU WERE
CLAMORING FOR THE
BROTHERS' ARREST!

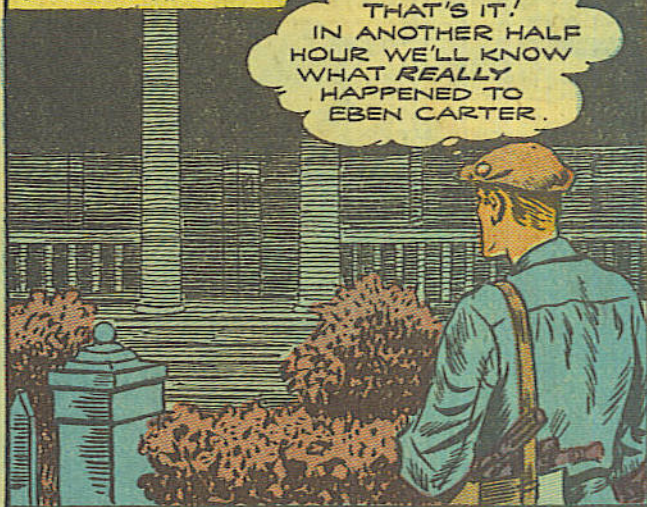
YOU WIN
I'LL DO IT.
TOMORROW NIGHT
AT 9:30 THEN

QUESTION No. 17. Is the weapon in pictures 2 and 3 a rifle or a shotgun?

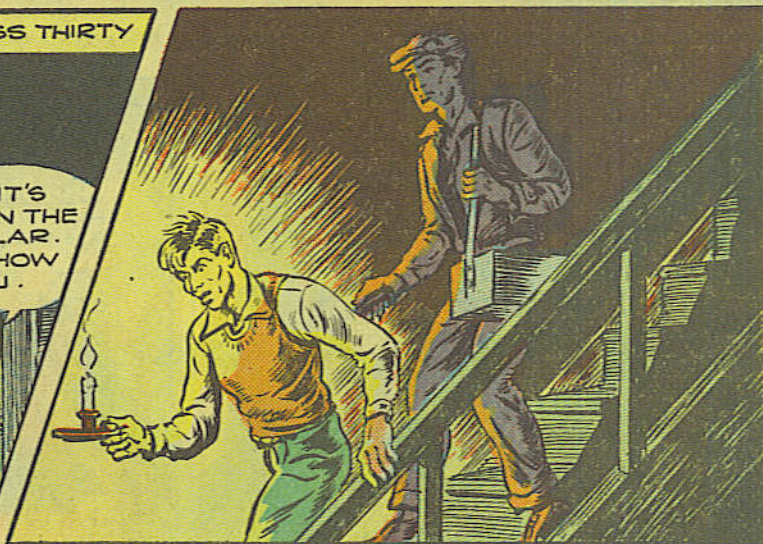
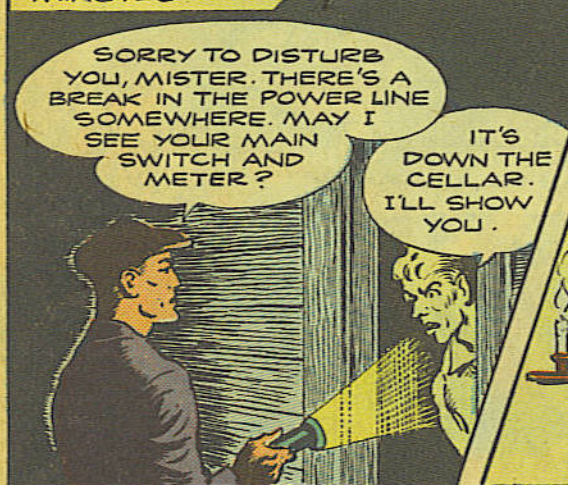
AT THE APPOINTED HOUR -----



MEANWHILE ----



AFTER A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS THIRTY
MINUTES -----



THIS IS THE MOMENT PETE HAS BEEN
WAITING FOR -----



BUT BEFORE THE CHAMELEON IS ABLE TO MAKE SURE ----

I THOUGHT YOU WERE A PHONY! YOU'RE AFTER THE ---

BANG!

AND THEN, SUDDENLY, IN THE MIDST OF THIS TERRIFIC STRUGGLE ----

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, BRUCE?

WE CAUGHT A BURGLAR. CALL THE POLICE, CARTER!

THIS MAN IS NO BURGLAR, BRUCE. HE'S MY FRIEND PETE STOCKBRIDGE, BETTER KNOWN AS THE CHAMELEON.

YOU ARE EBEN CARTER? THEN WHAT'S BENEATH THE CEMENT?

AN IRON BOX CONTAINING MY MONEY AND SECURITIES. I DON'T TRUST BANKS. WHEN I WAS CALLED AWAY SUDDENLY, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW LONG I WOULD BE GONE, SO I ASKED THE BROTHERS TO BURY MY FORTUNE DOWN HERE

THE NEXT DAY----

SO LONG, AL. DON'T GET MIXED UP IN ANY MORE MURDERS!

WELL, YOU SAVED THE KLEMS, PETE. THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MURDER SOON IF YOU HADN'T RECOVERED THE "BURIED TREASURE"

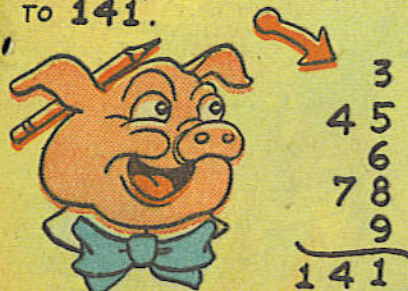


PUZZLE PLAY

1.2.3.4.5.6.7

CAN YOU ADD THE ABOVE SEVEN NUMBERS IN ROTATION SO THAT THEY WILL ADD TO EXACTLY 100?

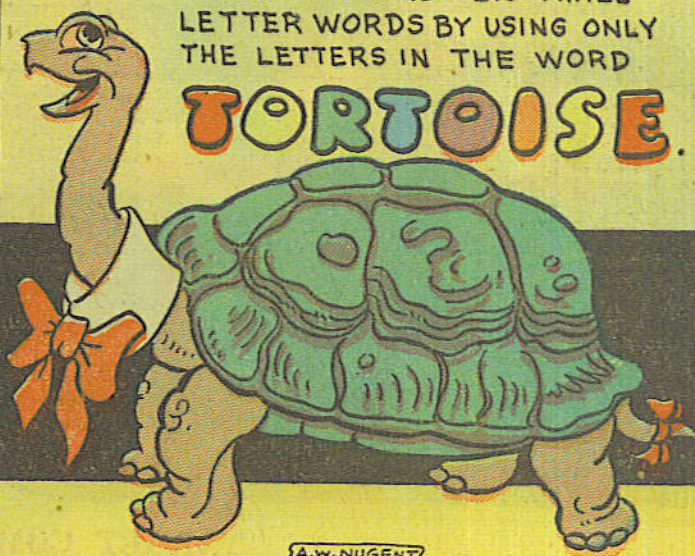
FOR EXAMPLE: 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 AND 9, IN ROTATION, ADD TO 141.



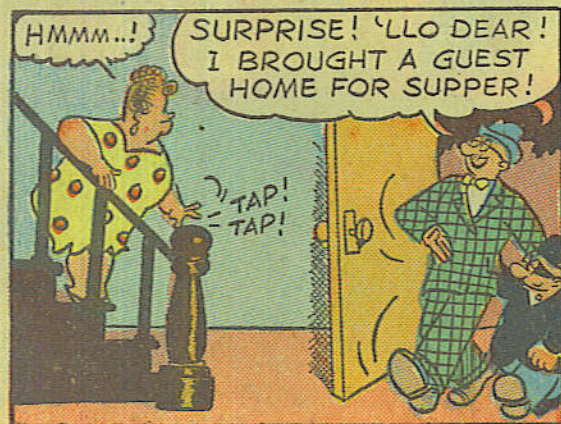
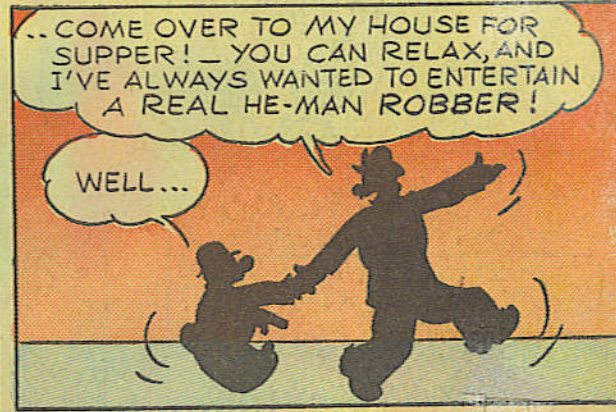
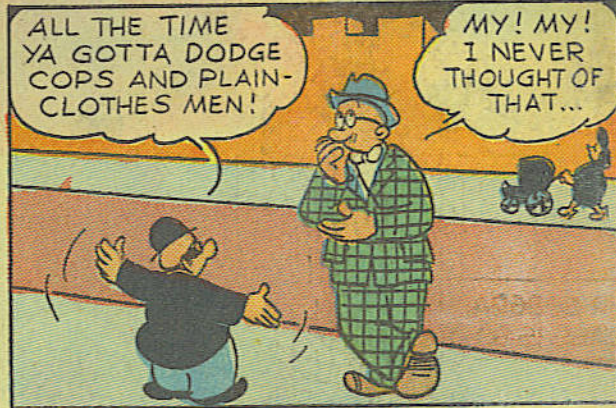
ONE, TWO, THIRTY-FOUR, FIFTY-SIX AND SEVEN ADD TO 100.

TO WIN THIS WORD GAME YOU ARE REQUIRED TO SPELL AT LEAST 12 THREE-LETTER WORDS BY USING ONLY THE LETTERS IN THE WORD

TORTOISE.



BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR



'N WHY DO WE SPELL **BANK** WITH A BIG 'B'??

'CAUSE A **BANK** IS NO GOOD UNLESS IT HAS A LARGE **CAPITAL!!**

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO LEARN HOW TO **SKI**?

OH, SURE - I'D **JUMP** AT THE CHANCE!!!

TARGETOONS

by
MILT HAMMER

OUR **GEOGRAPHY** CLASS IS SO DRY!

NOT OURS. WE'RE STUDYIN' ABOUT **RIVERS!!**

'N WOT DID YOU SAY WHEN THAT KID SAID THAT YOU LOOKED LIKE ME, HUH??

NOTHIN' - HE WAS BIGGER THAN ME!

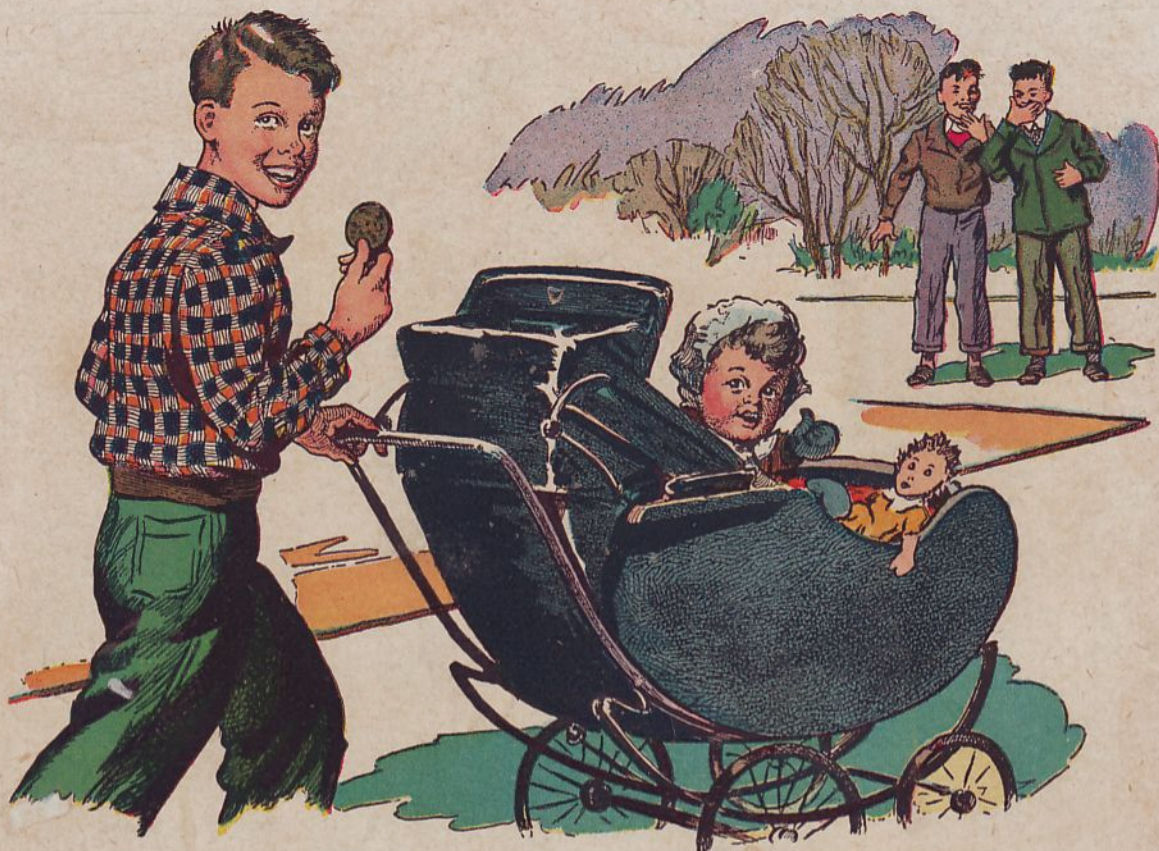
GEE, THAT WAS TOO BAD ABOUT YER UNCLE, THE **SKYWRITER**, CRASHIN'!!

YEAH - HE HAD **WRITER'S CRAMP** AN FLEW OFF TH' HANDLE!!

WOT D'YA MEAN YER POP'S NAME WUZ MENTIONED IN A BOOK THAT WUZ JIST PUBLISHED??

THAT'S RIGHT! IN TH' NEW **TELEPHONE BOOK!!**





MOM PROMISED ME -

Cookies

made with



Candy

Buy 'em or Bake 'em

RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY · Producers of Fine Foods · CHICAGO 13, ILL.

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Fills added by OtherEric April 13, 2011

Target Comics v8 #3 [81]
1940 Series - Novelty Press, May 1947, coverprice 0.10
Format: Color; Standard Golden Age US; Saddle-stitched; monthly series

Zoom: Medium Large

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#81 (V. 8 #3)

Editor: Robert D. Wheeler*

Issues in this series have been indexed by:

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James Ludwig
Tony R. Rose
Gregory Fischer
Peter Croome
Gary L. Watson .

Stories/features:

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Feature: Bull's-Eye Bill

2. *No title given or indexed*

Feature: Chameleon

3. *No title given or indexed*

Feature: Target

4. *No title given or indexed*

Feature: Cadet

5. *No title given or indexed*

Feature: Candid Charlie

6. *No title given or indexed*

Feature: Gary Stark

Series info

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